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Contents

The Week 198

Editorials

A Primer for Congress..... 201
The Third Degree in Cleveland..... 203

General Articles

What Next for India?.....
.....H. N. Brailsford and Bruce Bliven 204
Science under Communism....Benjamin Ginzburg 207
Won't You Step into My Parlor?.....
.....Thyra Samter Winslow 204
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 212
The Old Master of Photography...Paul Rosenfeld 214
The Wreck of the Gravy Train..Robert Cantwell 216

Correspondence 218

Reviews of Books

Charles Sanders Peirce.....John Dewey 220
King Cotton's Subjects.....Slater Brown 221
Guedallington.....George Libaire 222
Words.....Isidor Schneider 222
Hail Columbia!.....P. R. 223
Book Notes..... 223

The Week

A COMMITTEE of the United States Senate heard some straight talk this week about the problem of the unemployed. Expert social workers from New York and Chicago testified before a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Manufactures and painted a black picture. In the United States as a whole, they reported, not enough money is now available, from all public and private sources combined, to keep the unemployed and their families clothed, fed and sheltered until spring. The Chicago expert testified that in his community, $25,000,000 is needed, of which the city has $5,000,000 and may be able to get $10,000,000 more from the state of Illinois. Where the rest is to come from no one knows. The emergency appropriation will come to an end on February 15, although the relief now being distributed to 624,000 unemployed is only 75 percent of the supposed absolute minimum. In New York, where there are 800,000 unemployed, relief is given on the appallingly low standard of $3 a week a person; and even at this

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000,000 of public money and $25,000,000 of private funds now in hand or in sight.

THERE is every reason to believe that conditions are as bad or worse in other cities everywhere; many towns are almost or entirely bankrupt; their credit is exhausted and they are unable even to pay the salaries of their own employees. Conditions in certain rural areas, and notably among the coal miners, are equally grave. In this emergency, several bills are pending in Congress providing for appropriation of federal funds for relief. Senator Costigan has introduced one such measure which would authorize the expenditure of $375,000,000, and Senator La Follette another asking for $250,000,000. President Hoover has, of course, repeatedly indicated his opposition to such legislation; but even he cannot maintain his stand indefinitely in the face of such conditions as today confront us. Senator Costigan summed the matter up in words which deserve to be remembered, when he said: "Throughout history, public money has been used to provide for the poor. America must not starve while we quibble over words."

THE latest of several bills providing large sums for public works was brought forward by Senator La Follette just before the Christmas adjournment of Congress. It calls for a federal bond issue on the scale of war days, in the amount of $5,500,000,000. The proceeds would be used partly to pay for federal construction, partly as loans to states, counties and municipalities for similar purposes. The objections to such efforts as these are familiar; it takes some time to get such a program under way, and only a part of the money goes directly in wages. But whatever the validity of such arguments in normal times, they have no meaning in days like these. Such a bond issue as Senator La Follette suggests would be far more than a mere relief for the unemployed; it would be a stimulant to business in dozens of ways; it would, in effect, give us that "limited and controlled inflation" which increasing numbers of economists are now recommending. If it be asked why the states and cities are not already undertaking such activities, the chief answer is that

has thus far refused to use it; our readers hardly need to be told that Mr. Hoover's repeated statements about the public works now under way—statements which usually differ with one another by several hundred million dollars—are mostly based on a parading of the normal annual building program and have no relevance in the emergency.

THAT the financial situation in the United States is extremely serious, it would be foolish to deny. Banks are failing at the rate of ten a day, most of them, of course, small institutions which have been grossly mismanaged; the total number for 1931 is in excess of 2,000. The decline in the value of bonds and other securities held by the banks as collateral against loans is the chief, though not the only, cause of the present weakness. On the other hand, the public is not hoarding currency as it did last October, and the general feeling seems to be one of somewhat greater confidence than at that time. Presumably, the new "Reconstruction Finance Corporation" will swing into action in the late winter and help support many tottering institutions, including some which do not deserve aid on any basis which considers the conduct of their officers. As the bank failures go on, it is well to remember that most of them are probably quite unnecessary and are not, as most people believe, an inevitable concomitant of the depression. England has been as hard hit as the United States, but England has had no bank failure in many years. Canada has had none in eight years, only one in more than a decade and a half. In America we are reaping what we sowed; and we have no right to grumble at consequences which might so easily have been foreseen.

THE report of Senator Glass's banking committee puts its finger on two weak spots in our control of financial matters. One is the failure of the banks to restrict loans in the inflated security markets of 1928 and 1929. Loans from banks themselves to brokers were eventually somewhat held down—though too late and to an insufficient extent. But loans on the account of "others"—chiefly corporations and foreign lenders—which played so great a part in the inflation, were not controlled at all. Only last November the New York Clearing House Association changed its rules to prevent the placing of such loans, and even this action leaves the door somewhat ajar, since not all banks are members of the Clearing House, and similar action has not been taken outside New York. The other fault lies with the security affiliates of the banks, which were active in floating the unusual quantity of stock and bond issues which played so active a part in the inflation. The banks themselves naturally permitted an unwonted proportion of their funds to be tied up in securities, and this has led to heavy losses by them and has decreased their liquidity during depression. Somehow or other we must get the investment of commercial and business credit, quite separate from the investment market, is out of date. Inflation or deflation of capital, and a lack of balance between savings and investment, are in the modern world more serious problems than inflation or deflation of ordinary credit.

THE Japanese militarists continue in complete control of the situation. In Manchuria they are driving ahead along the lines they originally laid down, and the Chinese are of course utterly unable to offer any effective military opposition. In Japan, they have succeeded in obtaining a new government entirely subservient to their wishes. The League of Nations will eventually send its investigating committee, but that group will be confronted with a *fait accompli;* and Mr. Stimson's successive protests are being ignored in a manner which is highly damaging to the prestige of the American government in the Orient. It is true that the new Japanese regime has at last taken the trouble to make a statement of its case before the bar of American opinion; but the arguments it presents are so disingenuous that continued silence would hardly have been more contemptuous. Japan is today as completely under the thumb of the militarists as is Poland, or as Germany was before the Great War.

THE only immediate hope in the Manchurian situation is along two lines: the economic consequences to Japanese business of the Chinese boycott on their goods, and the development of liberal opinion within Japan itself. The Japanese financial position is far from bright, and the boycott is rapidly making it much worse. In Manchuria itself, business is absolutely paralyzed; unemployment is spreading rapidly in the cities and will soon reach a critical point. Meanwhile, we are glad to report at least the first faint gleam of opposition to the militarists within Japan. Professor Kisaburo Yokota recently delivered a lecture at the Imperial University at Tokio which amounted to a scathing denunciation of the whole Manchurian adventure. He recited facts which prove the falsity of the pretense that Japan is only maintaining her "treaty rights" and looking out for the interests of the Koreans in Manchuria. Ironically he inquired why, if the argument of Manchuria's value to Japan holds good, she should not also occupy central China, which would be equally valuable. He warned the Japanese people that the militarists are now behaving as German militarists did in 1914, and predicted that Japan may meet with an equally disastrous fate. Professor Yokota's courageous speech not only does him great honor; it is the first stirring of an opinion in Japan which may eventually bring the dogs of war to heel.

ANOTHER killing has taken place in Harlan County, and simultaneously, after a convention at Wallins Creek, the miners of eastern Kentucky have

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warfare long existing in the coal fields of Harlan and Bell counties has been chiefly an aggression by the operators against the miners, whose role has been almost wholly defensive. The strikes so far held have been local and sporadic. At the time of the wage cuts last spring, the miners attempted to reorganize the inactive locals of the United Mine Workers, but the operators took such ruthless action against the union that in most places it was completely abandoned—though elsewhere it has formed a curious underground alliance with the I. W. W. Meanwhile the National Miners' Union, a Communist-affiliated organization, has been active in the field and has even won local victories in two or three of the Bell County mines. The present strike is being organized by this union, which is attempting to call out 17,000 men. The Communists are sensitive about the criticism lately made of their so-called defeatist tactics, and this time their demands are more reasonable than in the past—recognition of the union, honest weighing of the coal mined, a moderate increase in pay. Their insistence on combining politics with economics is seen, however, in the demand for the release of all miners imprisoned for union activities. Conditions in the coal fields today make it difficult to win any strike, no matter how reasonable the demands on which it is based; but it is possible, even in partial defeat, to build up a strong union to replace the moribund United Mine Workers. The question is whether the Communists, in view of their past record, can succeed in this essential task.

WHEN it was first announced that Mayor Jimmie Walker of New York was planning to go to California and make an appeal for Tom Mooney, most people probably chuckled at an unusually crazy bit of nonsense cooked up by the City Hall reporters on a dull day; but Jimmie actually went, and did Mooney's cause great harm. Now we learn that he is considering an invitation to go to Cuba and make an attempt to reconcile the brutal dictator, Machado, and his foes who have so long been fighting to set the island free. If he were to succeed, it would be in order to ask him to come to New York and set that unhappy metropolis free from Tammany, which probably takes more per capita from the pockets of the citizens than even Machado is able to extort from the Cubans. But of course, if he goes, he will not succeed; he will be used as a funeral orator over the dead body of Cuba's hopes of freedom. Since New York is always a better and sunnier place when its feebly wisecracking Mayor has departed for other places, out of reach of the inquisitive Mr. Seabury and his investigating committee, we have no real right to complain; but we should like to offer him a better suggestion than Cuba—farther off, and taking longer. Go to Manchuria, Jimmie; and don't come back until you've persuaded the Japanese and the Chinese to love each other—as warmly, say, as

IN THE South, women's organizations are now pressing to have legislation passed which is to give more adequate protection to women and children in industry. Their program, as announced from Richmond, Virginia, by Miss Lucy Mason, general secretary of the local Y. W. C. A., is by no means drastic: it demands, for women, the reduction of hours of work to nine a day and fifty a week, as well as the elimination of night labor. For children it also seeks reduced hours and more schooling. We are reminded once more, through a pamphlet issued by the National Consumers' League, and written by Miss Mason, that the sixty-hour week and the twelve-hour day are still the rule in most Southern states. Labor standards are lower there than in almost any other region of the Western world. For this reason the business depression has, on the whole, affected the industrialized Southern communities somewhat less than other parts of the country. But for the same reason there is fanatical resistance to reform, especially in the textile industry. In the long run, the economics of the situation may work in the interests of labor. As a result of alarming overproduction, the Cotton Textile Institute, a manufacturers' organization, recently sought an agreement for a general cut in working time, as well as the elimination of night work by women and children. An important minority of the manufacturers refused to agree, to the severe injury of their competitors. The manufacturers themselves, in order to escape demoralization, are planning to support a demand for stricter labor legislation of the sort the progressive women in the South have been urging.

THE Australian elections, bringing heavy defeat to the Labor party, are similar to the earlier political upheavals in England, although there are important differences to be distinguished. Here again, a few "bolted" Laborites—though by no means outstanding men—joined with the conservative forces to make the commonwealth once more "a safe and attractive field for the investment of money." Under the Labor government headed by Mr. James Scullin, strenuous and, naturally, unpopular measures were taken last summer to deal with the fiscal crisis; these ranged from widespread salary reductions to forced conversion of loans at lower interest rates. Moreover, the Minister of the Treasury, E. G. Theodore, had evoked storms by his inflationary tactics and his proposals to curb the large financial institutions whose monetary policies, according to Laborites, kept the workers in poverty. Though the government had effected and maintained for a time a non-partisan agreement, the truce with its opponents could not long be continued. The new United Australia party, headed by Joseph Lyons and Stanley Bruce, promises to be high-handed in its methods, as is suggested by the reduction of its Cabinet to only four members. Meanwhile the Labor party is not disorganized. It holds nearly a

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worthy that the extremist faction within its ranks is now twice as large as before—a development which may spell for the future an even more bitter cleavage between the classes than was witnessed last summer.

THE Bethlehem Steel Corporation, at its Lackawanna, New York, plant, is attempting emergency measures of its own to reduce unemployment. Its plan, resembling that of certain other large manufacturers who have tried to guarantee work for their men, has been evolved with the aid of the New York State Relief Administration, of which Jesse I. Strauss is chairman. A minimum living wage, at the least, is to be provided henceforth to the 7,000 workers normally on the pay roll of the steel company, and forming a majority of the whole working population of Lackawanna. Great numbers of these men, by the "stagger" system in use, had been getting but a single day's work a week: less than enough to sustain life, as the Bethlehem officials admitted. President Grace has said that the company had "a further obligation that it had not yet fulfilled to these 7,000 employees." These are brave words about the obligation of the company to its employees. And no doubt Mr. Grace is especially sensitive to the needs of the penniless steel workers, through having reaped bonuses up to $1,600,000 in good years. He plans certain improvement projects, which involve an initial expenditure of $100,000—although at the lowest costs in years. The minimum work allotments to be made, at $12 a week, are nothing much; but to plan such redistribution of employment shows at least an experiment in constructive action rather than merciless retrenchment. It shows the commendable desire to try local remedies; and such local measures might be used to far greater advantage if they were coördinated with a general relief program throughout the nation.

UNDER the gloomy title, "Abandonment of Culture," the ravages of a decade of political-economic chaos in Germany are described by the gifted critic, Ernst Robert Curtius, in the Neue Deutsche Rundschau. Lost, he says, are the ideals which Goethe and Humboldt sought to hand on to the nineteenth-century German bourgeoisie. Indeed the bourgeoisie, with their tradition of culture, have themselves dwindled into insignificance as a force in German life. The leaders of thought at the popular universities turn away from tradition, even from communing with the great figures of history. A famous proletarian novelist, Alfred Döblin, boasts that he has never read a line of Balzac. Another writer, of the Hitlerite camp, contends that "intelligence is dangerous for the formation of character." None of the great political parties has a cultural program, although something bearing an ominous resemblance to a program was forecast recently by the Prussian Minister of Education, who stated that ditions, "the unilateral cultivation of the intellect," as a goal in education, must give way in some measure to the need for "fashioning and organizing masses." Everywhere, Herr Curtius sees a flight from reason, a reaction against rationalism. During the fateful transition in society, youth grows anti-intellectual, humanity is regimented into conflicting masses, the culture of the individual is forgotten. Herr Curtius holds that we are now witnessing the decadence which Spengler prophesied. In the meantime there is a pretended revival of the idea of nationalism; but this noisy cult, with its anti-semitism and its myth of race supremacy, has taken only a most primitive form, such as appeals to despairing mobs.

THE time has come to take the bull by the horns," says Assemblyman Russell S. Wise of New Jersey, incidentally mixing his metaphors, "and stop playing the ostrich with an intolerable condition that exists under our very eyes." What the New Jersey statesman alludes to, of course, is our national hypocrisy which comes so dear in times when cities are all but beggared. We tell ourselves that those thousands of "illicit places" do not exist. But they do exist. Nay, they thrive. Fixing his gaze upon the teeming beer stations, Mr. Wise proposes, not that they should be blotted out, but that they should be taxed, to the relief of New Jersey's burdened but infinitely thirsty municipalities. Thus he attacks the baffling problems aroused by the speakeasy with a freshness and *insouciance* that few other political minds of the age have shown. The enforcement of prohibition, such as it is, costs our federal government something like $400,000,000 a year. In the city of New York alone, the Seabury committee's investigation suggests that speakeasies pay between $75,000,000 and $100,000,000 a year in graft, the cost of course being passed on to their patrons. While there is no prospect at present for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, neither does hope exist for the extermination of bootlegging. Then let us tax the speakeasy, exclaims Mr. Wise. For not only would this produce needed revenues, but it would provide such a howling spectacle that laughter itself might sound the knell of prohibition.

A Primer For Congress

AS THE question of American participation in a European conference to consider revision of reparations and related matters hangs in the balance, Washington opinion, especially among congressmen, veers sharply to a policy of economic isolation. The theory is that the problems involved —reparations, monetary stability, tariff wars and armaments—are peculiarly European, that the United States has done nothing to aggravate them, that Europe has done little to solve them, and that until Europe does meet her own difficulties, the

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our opinion, wholly erroneous. A primer on international economic relations may help to indicate why.

Why must the United States help to settle the reparations question? Because, unless reparations are canceled, Germany cannot recover. If Germany does not recover, American investments abroad will be further imperiled, and Europe will not be able to resume her pre-depression purchases of our products. But reparations cannot be canceled by Britain unless her debt to us is correspondingly reduced; for that would complete her ruin. And France will not cancel reparations, even the unconditional part, unless her corresponding payments to Britain and the United States are simultaneously remitted. Use by France and Britain of the moratorium privileges of their debt agreements with us would merely postpone the reckoning and leave confidence unsettled.

Why is the United States responsible in part for lack of monetary stability abroad? The outflow of gold from Great Britain and Germany, which undermined the gold standard of the one and the credit of the other, was caused in part by the obligation to pay war debts and reparations, irrespective of other elements of the international balance of payments. It was caused in part by the inability to create a sufficiently large export surplus of goods, an inability due largely to tariff barriers, especially that raised about the United States, and increased by the Smoot-Hawley bill after the depression was under way. Finally, it was caused in large measure by successive inflation and deflation in the United States, which at the beginning gave rise to reckless flow of American credit abroad, then caused the cessation of this flow of credit and attracted speculative funds from Europe, then undermined confidence on a worldwide scale and sent capital fleeing, first from one nation, then from another.

Why cannot tariff wars be abated without reconsideration of the United States tariff? Because, under present conditions, the United States is the ultimate creditor nation, which must be willing to accept a surplus of imports over exports if the international debts, public and private, are ever to be paid.

Why is the United States necessarily involved in armament discussion? Because we now spend on armaments more than any other nation, and far more than we did before the War. Because we have a navy second to none. Because Great Britain and France will not reduce their navies unless we reduce ours, and because land armaments will not be reduced unless sea armaments are reduced. Because reduction of armaments is, in general, tied up with international political stability, which is, in turn, largely dependent on economic appeasement.

Why is European trade important to the United States? Because Europe normally buys a large part of our cotton and wheat crops, which, partly because of the failure of European demand, have recently sold at the lowest prices in history. This fact has had a major depressing effect upon our internal economy. Because, normally, something above 10 percent of our total product is sold abroad, and a very much larger percentage of the product of certain important industries.

Why is it impossible to consider reparations alone, or war debts alone, or currency problems alone, or tariffs alone? Why must all these things be settled as part of a coherent world policy? Because, as the Wiggin committee said last August, and as the Basle committee report emphasized, "In recent years the world has been endeavoring to pursue contradictory policies, in permitting the development of an international financial system which involves the annual payment of large sums from debtor to creditor countries, while at the same time putting obstacles in the way of the free movement of goods." Because, as the Basle report points out, "If barriers are imposed to the free movement of goods, the world cannot readily adapt itself quickly to important changes in the course of credit and trade." This arises from the fact that other elements in the international balance of payments, such as tourists' expenditures and immigrant remittances, are not very flexible. And so, "attempts to maintain the international balance of payments by means of larger and abnormal movements of gold have weakened the monetary foundations of many countries."

If the United States were pursuing a policy of intelligent leadership in this crisis, we should not let Europe "stew in her own juice," because we are stewing in that juice too. We should insist, first, that the coming international conference consider all aspects of the world economic problem—debts, public and private, reparations, tariffs, monetary stability. We should insist on participating in that conference. We should go abroad with a staff of competent economists; we should follow their advice ourselves and urge others to do so. We should keep the conference sitting until an adequate worldwide program was worked out, even if it were a program which some nations were not ready to accept in its entirety. With this done, we should be able to place any responsibility for obstruction, not on Europe as a whole in contradistinction from ourselves, but where it belonged. And we should be prepared to pursue the best domestic policy possible in the circumstances.

The Basle committee says: "The committee, however, would not feel that it had fully accomplished its task and justified the confidence placed in it if it did not draw the attention of the governments to the unprecedented gravity of the crisis." The word "unprecedented" here was not used thoughtlessly, but in its full and literal sense. The committee reminds us that the Wiggin committee last August "sounded a most emphatic note of warning, urging that if disaster were to be avoided [illegible] before the period of postponement of credits

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ary 29, 1932, immediate steps must be taken by the governments." The word "disaster" was used advisedly. But the governments have not acted. The Basle committee ends by saying, "We appeal to the governments on whom responsibility for action rests to permit of no delay in coming to decisions which will bring an amelioration of this grave crisis which weighs so heavily on all alike." The words "no delay" were chosen carefully.

We recommend that earnest attention to these solemn warnings be given by George Horace Lorimer and other leading spirits of the Curtis Publishing Company, which in The Saturday Evening Post has spread an incalculable amount of murk, by Mr. William Randolph Hearst and his newspaper associates, by Congressman McFadden, by Senator Hiram Johnson, and by their less sensational followers in the press, in Congress and about the White House.

The Third Degree in Cleveland

A SPECIAL committee of the Cleveland Association for Criminal Justice has brought in a report whitewashing the Cleveland police of the third-degree charges made in the case of Anthony Colletti. The investigation was the result of Ernest Jerome Hopkins' narrative, "The Tragedy of Tony," published in The New Republic of October 7.

The basis of the charge that Tony had been brutally third-degreed was, as readers will recall, an official medical record in the files of the police department itself. It showed that Tony, shortly after he had confessed to the murder of his bride Christine, had "bruises left & right sides," was treated with "luminol & hot applications," and that the nurse who gave the treatment heard his claim that he had been "beaten by detectives at the Central Station." This medical record—it is on file in Cleveland today—was the thing to be explained away if a coat of whitewash was to stick. The hypothesis advanced by the committee to explain it away makes one rub one's eyes and read again. It is nothing less than the theory that Tony Colletti third-degreed himself.

This astounding opinion is advanced in some detail, but as opinion only. The report says that Tony, after having confessed, was advised by a friendly jailor named Nardi to "save himself by getting a lawyer and fixing up an alibi. Nardi described an alibi as 'a story—telling lies.'" Later in the day Tony's lawyer saw him bruised and in pain, and later still the night nurse treated him for bruises. All of this the committee interprets as an elaborate plot—Tony bruised his own body or had it bruised in order to create a false record and thereby repudiate his confession. The committee

> We have the testimony of every detective in this case under cross-examination to the effect that no physical violence was applied to the prisoner. . . . *Their testimony*, combined with other facts in this case, convinces us that the marks on Colletti's body were merely his effort to void his previous confession of guilt. In our opinion the defense was built up at the suggestion of Jailor Nardi and developed by the prisoner under the guidance of experienced friends of his world, aided by a record made by the jail nurse, showing at least some semblance of coöperation.

Tony's counsel, who accepted the record and took the lad's story of a rubber-hose flogging as true, is reproached as having "an excess of credence." We wonder how much credence would be required to accept the counter-theory.

Third-degree charges are difficult to prove. When police torture a man to make him confess, they do it in secret. Visible injuries are the best evidence; and the old alibis that "the prisoner fell downstairs," "cell-mates beat him up," "he bumped his head coming through the door," are wearing rather thin of late, under repeated exposure. The Cleveland Association for Criminal Justice is not to be especially congratulated on having devised a new one, the self-infliction alibi. No doubt it will see service hereafter in court. For the rest, it may be remarked that the process of questioning scores of police, who are actually defendants, creates its own dilemma. The "Colletti Commission" had to get around that medical record, or brand about sixty law-enforcement officials, from the chief down, as liars. So a well meant investigation dwindled to an unconvincing defense.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer states that the above findings "run contrary to a strong public belief," and that the whitewash in the Colletti affair "is in no sense a blanket endorsement of police methods." Investigations which get nowhere, but still get results, seem to be one of our stock American devices of progress. It may well be that, under cover, these eminent Clevelanders are saying to their police department: "You didn't do it, boys—but don't do it again."

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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What Next for India?

I: After the Round Table Conference

ENGLISHMEN are proud of the noble stupidity which never knows when it is beaten. Do Indians suffer from that fatal intelligence which does not know when it has won? The second session of the Round Table Conference is over, and any cool judge who views it from London in the light of English history and English psychology must pronounce it a success. Its work is a half measure: it is riddled with contradictions, a mingled pattern of generosity and timidity, the work of a people which is facing, only slowly and reluctantly, the hard necessity of abandoning its unqualified domination over India. It is, in short, a typical act of British statesmanship and therefore it is sincere: you can read in clause after clause the ache in the imperial heart and the wrinkles in the Titan's brow. But we mean it; we shall not go back on it; in ten or fifteen years we shall be ready to improve upon it substantially. A concession of this type demands, however, a similar temperament on the part of the nation which receives it. The response, one fears, will be lacking. India, distrustful even more of herself than of us, haunted by the consciousness of her own weakness, ashamed of her disunity and painfully aware of her military impotence, will not believe that this cautious charter of self-government is in fact a surrender to her perseverance and a tribute to her passive strength.

The second session of this conference was duller and less dramatic than the first. It opened at the climax of our financial crisis. It was interrupted by the general election. From first to last there brooded over it the sense of failure caused by the inability of the Hindu majority to reach agreement with the minorities. The Indian delegation displayed neither unanimity over details nor good leadership. The Mohammedans, because they had failed to get their way in the matter of their communal claims, formed a coalition of the minorities and sat silent during the crucial debates over responsible government at the Center—refused, that is to say, to join forces with the Hindu majority in pressing the British government for further concessions. The princes were equally individualistic, and no agreement could be reached in matters of detail which all their groups would accept. United in sentiment and in principle, the Hindus never achieved a common front over details and never combined to present a constructive alternative to proposals which they disliked.

Mr. Gandhi fell short of the role which he might have filled. He represented, if one counts heads, more Indians than all the ninety delegates together; if one counts passion and will power, he had behind him a human force that has reduced every rival party in India, save only the Moslems, to insignificance. With this reality of power, this little man, without question the most influential and the most original human being on our planet, has a charm and modesty of bearing which make him universally beloved. In spite of these advantages he never became the leader of the Conference, or even of the Hindu part of it; at the most he was the honored senior. His outlook proved to be too individual; his ideas, however big and dynamic they may be, would not fit into any lawyer's draft.

To these adverse factors, add the consideration that while the Conference was sitting, the balance of political power in England shifted violently. Setting out from India as the guests of a Labor government, the delegates found themselves dealing, before the Conference closed, with an overwhelmingly Conservative House of Commons. The popular press instantly registered the change of atmosphere and began to call for the closing down of the Conference and for stern measures in India. However negligible those newspapers may be as products of the human reason, they are read by millions of acquiescent citizens. In Parliament, under the formidable if erratic Mr. Churchill, a hundred Conservative members formed themselves into a group opposed to any surrender of power at the Center. Mr. MacDonald himself seemed to vacillate, and for a time considered a plan by which the advances would come by instalments—autonomy first of all in the provinces, and only later, as a second step, at the Center. It was a plan for which much honestly could be said, but it looked too obviously like a yielding to Mr. Churchill's attack, and the Indians rejected it with virtual unanimity.

The astonishing thing is that with all these adverse circumstances, the promise of responsible self-government, both at the Center of a Federated India and in its component provinces, has emerged intact. Mr. MacDonald is cursed with a habit of vague and ambiguous speech. But both to the Conference and in Parliament he spoke simply, directly and, as his customary critics (myself among them) will admit, with manifest sincerity. There was no advance on the promise of last January which induced Mr. Gandhi, under Lord Irwin's persuasion, to call a truce, but equally, with fuller definition, there was no retrogression. Then he spoke only for a minority Labor government; now he pledged

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each of the three parties and spoke for a majority which can dictate. No promise given in the name of the British people has ever had such authority behind it. The promise is the more valuable because it would have been so easy to find in the failure of the Indians to agree among themselves a plausible pretext for postponement, if not for withdrawal. So far from availing himself of that excuse, Mr. MacDonald has said plainly that if, after a further effort in India, the Indians cannot compose the communal disagreement, the British government will lay down its own solution.

The promise is unambiguous but, because it is a half measure, any capable advocate can plead as plausibly for its rejection as for its acceptance. It is not that "virtual independence" which Mr. Gandhi has demanded, nor does it yet confer on India the full rights of a dominion in the British commonwealth. India is not yet able to assure her own defense without the aid of a white army. From that disability, which is of our making, consequences flow which it is difficult to deny. The responsibility for foreign policy is manifestly linked with the control of the army. The cost and maintenance of the army must also be assured at a minimum of safety, and therefore there must be some reservations over finance. Even that is not all. The English civil servants in India belong to a covenanted service; their numbers will gradually be reduced, but their salaries, extravagantly high according to Indian standards, must be assured. India is a debtor nation and therefore precautions must be taken against any irresponsible handling of her currency and credit. Finally, while Indian trade may be fostered, there must be no legal discrimination against British merchants. These, it is understood, are transitional safeguards which will disappear when India can undertake her own defense—a vague limit which may run to twenty years, though Indians claim (and I think fairly) that with good will the army could be "Indianized" in half that time.

After the enumeration of these formidable safeguards, Indians can feel little enthusiasm when they are told that an Indian Cabinet, responsible to an elected legislature, shall manage the affairs of the Federation. As Mr. Gandhi puts it: "Am I master in my own house, if I cannot control its doorkeepers, and do not hold the purse?" It is only a partial answer to point out that in fact similar limitations weigh on every sovereign parliament: we cannot repudiate debt, nor reduce our army below a minimum of safety. But it galls India's pride that restrictions which ought to rest on her common sense are imposed from outside. None the less, the federal legislature will have unlimited powers over customs, the income tax, railways, posts and much else of importance. If its scope is limited, the reason is that the princes, in entering the Federation, were unwilling to abandon much of their sovereignty.

On the other hand, the prospect is much more attractive. Here there are no reservations. Indian ministries, responsible to elected councils, will have under their control the entire range of social policy—agrarian legislation, the land tax, industrial and labor legislation, education, health, agricultural development, forestry, irrigation and, finally, the police and local government. To my mind it seems that, with these powers, a leader, who aspires, as Mr. Gandhi does, to grapple constructively with the outstanding problems of poverty, ignorance and disease in the village, should have ample scope. The franchise may be restricted, but this matter is not yet settled, and Mr. MacDonald's speech contained phrases which implied sympathy for Mr. Gandhi's democratic demands. But, unfortunately, while the provinces are the field in which the main concerns of daily life may be decided according to India's will, it is on the Center that her eyes are fixed. In Delhi she realizes herself as a nation, and not in Bombay or Madras. Fired with this generous national ambition, Indians dwell incessantly on the limitations imposed for a time on their sovereignty at the Center, and tend to forget that in the provinces they may at once shape the society of the future as they please.

Has this qualified charter of freedom, reaffirmed against great odds, won peace? I fear not. In a frank talk with Mr. Gandhi, I gathered that he will still negotiate, test once again, his bargaining power, and even, it may be, use the committees which Mr. MacDonald will set up, to influence the detailed drafting of the Constitution. I question, however, whether at this stage the Conservative majority can be induced to concede much more, though something could be done in matters of form to satisfy India's self-respect. One danger of an early break lies elsewhere. Mr. MacDonald has evidently struck a bargain with his Tory followers. They have yielded to him over the Constitution. He has given way to them by sanctioning an emergency ordinance of shocking severity, designed to repress terrorism in Bengal. It does constitute an acute problem, for murders of British officials had become distressingly frequent. It may be that some further powers were required. But this ordinance seems designed to create a terror of retaliation.

Already suspects may be imprisoned indefinitely without trial; but now men may be tried for their lives *in camera;* police or military officers may pass sentences up to seven years' imprisonment; whole villages may be punished on suspicion that they have harbored suspects. Is the intention, Mr. Gandhi asks, to "emasculate Bengal"? It seems probable that this disproportionate measure of repression, designed to cope with a few hundred extremists in a single province, may be a provocation which in the mind of Indians will cancel all the promise of the Round Table and drive the nation to the renewal of its passive revolt.

London H. N. BRAILSFORD.

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II: Mr. Gandhi on the Future

I WAS lucky enough to obtain one of the very few private interviews which Mahatma Gandhi granted while he was in England, seeing him only a few days before the Indian Conference came to an end in what Mr. Gandhi and his followers regarded as a tragic failure, and before he sailed back to India to prepare for a future dark with the likelihood of bloodshed on a terrible scale.

The interview took place, not in the settlement house where he slept, but in the home of a wealthy Indian, lent to him for use as an office. He received me in a large drawing-room full of conventional English furniture none of which he used. He sat on the floor at one end of the room, buried in a huge, woolly white robe. The ubiquitous spinning wheel lay beside him—a flat varnished board, with simple cogs and spindle—and he thrust his spare brown hands out through the folds of his blanket and worked industriously while we talked. In the background sat two artists who were drawing him. In the next room, through an archway and partly concealed by a curtain, a stenographer took down in shorthand every word we said.

Mr. Gandhi paid no attention to the artists, turning his head constantly to the spinning wheel and then back to me as he answered, volubly and without hesitation, my barrage of questions. He looks (if there is anyone in the world by now who still does not know) incredibly frail, but lighted from within by that fire which has already cast its glow across such broad horizons. His large ears stand out straight from a round skull with the skin drawn tightly over the bone; his soft eyes behind the spectacles are lit always with the sense of humor which so often finds an almost mischievous utterance. Most of his teeth are gone, and this sometimes makes indistinct what he says in his high, very Hindu voice, even though his English is of the sort characterized as "Oxford," and much better than what Oxford usually hears.

I wasted little time in asking him about the conference itself, since his views are so well known to the world. Everyone is aware that he attended reluctantly and after repeatedly saying that he felt it was doomed to failure. The Hindus believed, and still believe, that the cards were stacked against them in advance, and that holding the conference was something like the appointment of the Wickersham Commission in America—less a sincere attempt to settle a difficult problem than a politician's way of postponing the solution while wriggling out from under the moral responsibility for that postponement. Instead of asking for his views on the conference, therefore, I tried to find out what he was thinking about the future of India if and when the British yoke has been shaken off. This was perhaps a little unfair—as unfair, say, as it would have been to ask Lenin in 1918 to visualize showed himself entirely willing to answer inquiries of this character.

Replying to a question as to whether it would some day be desirable to have India's independence guaranteed by the League of Nations or (if the League should not survive till then) by a concert of the Great Powers, Mr. Gandhi promptly answered that such a thing was wholly unnecessary. If, he said in effect, the League wants to amuse itself by "guaranteeing" the freedom of India, we should have no objection to its doing so. But *no one can win freedom for anybody else.* The only real freedom is what you take for yourself and hold by your own strength. I certainly hope that neither Japan nor, say, the United States (with an ironic glance), would ever try to gobble up a free India. But if they were to try it, the same methods of non-coöperation which we have applied against the English would be put into effect. The invaders would very quickly find that to hold the country would cost them more than they could possibly get out of it.

Mr. Gandhi recognizes that freedom from Great Britain would be far from solving all of India's problems. Among the most acute of these is, of course, the condition of the peasants who constitute such a large part of the population; they are crushed mercilessly by grasping landlords most of whom are themselves natives of India. Of the remainder, a large proportion are victims of industrialism, working in mills owned by native or foreign capitalists, with all the evils of unrestricted industry, long hours, small wages, child labor and absence of security. He believes, however, that the principles which are being learned in the fight with Great Britain will be successfully applied in the further fight for freedom on the part of the Indian population. He repeated what he had just said in another connection: no one can win freedom for anyone else. The yoke of the landlord, the yoke of the capitalist, will be shaken off when India is free from that of the "foreign invader."

I was interested to find that he did not agree with the statement often made by some of his followers, that the bad conditions in India are primarily the result of British rule. He believes that the British have taken advantage of the fight between the liberal Hindus and the orthodox, conservative element, and have stood aloof when they ought, in accordance with their own theories, to have fought on the side of the liberals. But primarily, the admittedly bad conditions in India are due to the general state of the country, and can only be eradicated in the course of years. He remarked that some of these conditions are less serious than is commonly supposed, and mentioned the small percentage of literacy as an example. In India as elsewhere, he observed, wisdom and education are not synonymous: there are educated fools, and uneducated wise men.

His position in regard to machinery is often m

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I am not opposed to machinery, he said; and pointing to his spinning wheel, he added, You may report that you saw me using a machine, and a very good one, beautiful and simple. I do not care how big a machine may be; I only insist that man must be the master and not the slave, that it shall serve him and not the contrary. The objection to machines in India has been that the men who worked them did so in the status of virtual slaves.

Mr. Gandhi commented readily upon another aspect of freedom, the difficulties raised by the Mohammedans and the "Untouchables," which, at least ostensibly, were the rock on which the Round Table Conference split. He observed, as he has done at other times, that the Hindus intended to give complete equality and justice to everyone. The minorities ought to be willing to wait and see, and if they felt they then had grievances, seek adjustment in an orderly way. But separate electorates, the new device introduced in India only a few years ago and mistakenly, would, if continued, simply produce an impossible, unworkable situation.

After some further desultory conversation, I began to feel somewhat conscience-stricken about the length of my visit and therefore asked him, Am I staying too long? His face broke into a broad grin and he made the perfect answer to this embarrassing inquiry: Everyone, he said, always stays too long. I picked up my hat and coat and said goodbye. As I went out the door, the artists pulled their chairs forward and worked, I thought, with fresh enthusiasm. Mr. Gandhi sat quite still on the floor, still huddled in his woolly white robe, his lean brown hands continuing, as though endowed with an independent life of their own, to operate the silent, rapid mechanism of the spinning wheel—which, with the thousands of its fellows in India, is helping to break the heart of Lancashire, and is bringing the termination of the British Raj closer day by day.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

London.

Science under Communism

IN SOVIET Russia today we are witnessing not only an attempt to establish economic communism, but also a stupendous effort to indoctrinate a whole people with a uniform and official philosophy, the like of which has not been seen since the break-up of the scholasticism of the medieval church. All phases of Soviet culture and Soviet thought are subjected to the dictatorship of this official doctrine, the dialectical materialism of Marx and Engels. This is a side of Soviet life which the apologists for Russia do not often mention and, indeed, one is readily tempted to dissociate one's judgments on the Russian economic experiment and on the intellectual effort, accepting the one and rejecting the other. The fact remains, however, that in the Russian reality they are indissolubly connected as two phases of an integrated whole. The doctrine provides the dogmatic assurance for carrying on the program of communism in the face of tremendous practical difficulties; in turn the sense of action and economic accomplishment stifles whatever heretical doubts may arise in the minds of the faithful about either the intellectual soundness of the Communist philosophy, or on the wisdom of attempting to teach the truth by decree.

Anyone who wants to understand the relationship between Communist philosophy and Communist action can do no better than to read "Science at the Crossroads,"[1] a volume containing the papers presented by the delegates of the U.S.S.R. at the recent International Congress on the History of Science and Technology. These papers present a whole slice of Soviet life, a slice of action and thought. The action is the Soviet achievements in technology and in the organization of scientific research for the practical solution of economic problems. The thought represents the attempt to direct and interpret investigation in pure science in the light of the doctrine of dialectical materialism.

The picture of technological and research organization stirs an unqualified admiration. In prerevolutionary Russia, we learn, there was not a single scientific-research institute worthy of the name, and "the whole of scientific activity was concentrated in a few poorly equipped university laboratories that were detached from industry and completely isolated from the masses of the people." Today, or rather at the beginning of 1929, there were 789 such institutes, operating in the fields of science, technology, agriculture, public health and education, not to mention thousands of factory laboratories. Some of these institutes, like the Thermo-Technical and the Physico-Technical, are stated to be without equal in Europe for size and equipment.

But it is not merely in the dissemination and in the following up of scientific truths that Russia shines today. Here, after all, the Russians are trying to catch up with and surpass the highly advanced level of scientific and technical education that has already been realized in the capitalistic countries. Where the Russian experiment is without equal is in the unrestricted social utilization of scientific truths. A hundred and fifty years ago, at

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sier painted the portrait of the scientist as the great benefactor of humanity. No one will be tempted to deny the great social benefits that have flowed from science even under capitalism, but almost always the social utility of scientific discoveries has had to filter through the barriers of economic individualism and be impoverished in the process. Too often it has even been converted into a new source of misery. If anyone doubts this, let him read the two reports by Professor Rubinstein on "Science, Technology and Economics," and on "Electrification as the Basis of Technical Reconstruction." There he will learn with facts and figures of the vast gulf that exists today between the possibilities of technology and the economic interests of private capital. There he will also read of the toil-free Utopia which is clearly indicated on the basis of present electro-technological developments and see that it needs nothing more than the social organization of economic life to call it into being.

The obverse side of the picture is the Communist attempt to force all the theoretical principles of science into the procrustean bed of dialectical materialism. Perhaps a word should first be said as to the general character of this philosophical doctrine. Dialectical materialism takes its origin from the system of Hegel, which attempted to interpret the variety of nature and the historical movement of human culture as the logical unfolding of universal reason or spirit, this unfolding being motivated or produced by the perpetual effort of reason to resolve its own inner contradictions. Marx turned the system upside down, or as he said, he restored it to its natural posture, by making matter and not spirit the real actor in the drama. It was matter that ever took on new determinations through the dialectical logic of contradiction, while thought and ideals were a mere reflection in the brain of man of underlying material movement. The main impact of the doctrine was, of course, in the realm of social history, where Marx identified the logic of contradiction with the struggle of classes, and culture with material economics. In this way dialectical materialism became an admirable tool of socialist propaganda. It promised the proletariat the final victory in the struggle of classes, a victory which should inaugurate the classless society, if not the millennium itself, and it made these promises by virtue of its confidence in the metaphysical truth of its method.

It is this need of a metaphysical justification, of a thus-saith-the-Lord for their social doctrines, which explains why socialists have always found time in the midst of their practical agitation to defend their philosophical principles. Despite the popular sweep of scientific materialism during the nineteenth century, Marx and Engels found it frequently necessary to polemize against this doctrine because it reduced the universe to dead material and thus robbed the proletariat of metaphysical support for its revolutionary aspirations. In the first decade of this century, a Russian socialist tried to revise the philosophic base of Marxism by tying it up to the sensationalism of Mach and Avenarius, which was then largely in vogue. Lenin replied with a work denouncing the subjectivist danger of such a philosophy, and nothing more was ever heard of that effort in Marxist circles.

These polemical philosophic pieces have now become the "writings of the Fathers" in the Russian state philosophy. One meets them at every turn in the scientific papers of the present volume. In an article on the reconstruction of the mathematical sciences, we are referred to Marx, Engels and Lenin. In an article dealing with the quantum theory, a quotation from Heisenberg's paper on the principle of indeterminacy rubs elbows with a citation from "Das Kapital." For a solution of the present crisis in the doctrine of evolution we are told to adopt "the only correct philosophic positions," which are those of dialectical materialism. Even an article on such an innocuous topic as the problem of the origin of the world's agriculture is compelled to conclude with the pious observation that "in approaching this problem from the point of view of dialectical materialism, we shall be led to revise many of our old concepts and we shall gain the possibility of controlling the historical process."

Fortunately the Communist bark is usually worse than its bite. If the dictatorship of dialectical materialism over science were really enforced, it would stop science in its tracks. But the Communists are excellent casuists, and they know how to find a text to justify truths that their common sense tells them to accept. For a while relativity was taboo in Russia, since Lenin himself had denounced its danger to the Soviet State. But eventually Soviet scientists managed to discover that so far from having any idealistic or subjectivistic implications, the theory of Einstein was really at one with the fundamental aim of dialectical materialism. In all the scientific papers of "Science at the Crossroads" there runs an undercurrent of admission that bourgeois science embraces universal truths and is only in part an "ideological justification of economic class interests." But if it is at all possible to think universally in science, it is also possible to think universally, without bias of class or sect, in matters of philosophy and in matters of social and moral theory. And this, of course, breaks down the whole theoretical justification for the Communist class dictatorship of thought.

But it is too easy to throw stones at the Communists. The sins of bourgeois liberalism are in many ways far more disheartening. Under bourgeois liberalism we have complete intellectual freedom, but it is as abstract as the majestic equality of the law that Anatole France spoke about when

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to steal and to sleep under the bridges at night. There is freedom, but there is none of the underlying conditions to make possible the constructive intellectual organization of life, which alone gives price to freedom. Science alone has found a place in the social structure, but it is encouraged for its relation to the economic interests of the ruling classes, not at all as part of an integrated intellectual life. On this account, the social utility of science, its stupendous powers for ameliorating the material welfare of man, are frightfully wasted. On this account, too, science is not, as it rightfully should be, the simple and solid basis for promoting a clarified perspective of human life and for producing a greater unification of minds. It is turned rather into a weapon against the wider intellectual life and against the free and critical use of individual reason.

In a comparison of liberalism and communism, it is after all the philosopher, the free critic and interpreter of human experience, who has the real grievance in both cases. Experimental science, as we have seen, ends up by being recognized under communism (just as it eventually has to be recognized by the Catholic Church). As regards philosophy, that is to say thought as a whole, the balance of alternatives seems to be this: In Russia the social organization of economic life, of which the philosopher has dreamed since the time of Plato, is actually being realized, but it is being realized at the price of the intellectual freedom which the philosopher has regarded as the only end that makes socialism worth while.. Elsewhere there is intellectual freedom, but it is without its roots in social reality and without power to lead to action.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

Won't You Step into My Parlor?

THE LARGER cosmetic manufacturers are among the most fascinating developments of the beauty racket. There are those who sell purely as a mail-order business, those who sell across the counter in drug and department stores, those who supply small independent beauty shops and, most important of all, the manufacturer with training schools and beauty salons who also sells to the trade. All, of course, carry on extensive advertising campaigns, mostly in women's magazines and through the radio.

Manufacturers who train girls to operate small beauty shops maintain immense schools, immaculate, white, shining, which in a few weeks turn out trained operators. A girl from a small town takes a course in the home office. She is taught simple massaging and sometimes manicuring and hair dressing, depending on what articles the firm manufactures. Her knowledge of chemistry is elemental. Her knowledge of treating the facial muscles is gained by a few weeks' study of charts and by manipulating faces under skilled direction. She learns the uses of the lotions made by this company. She is then employed by the firm that has taught her or she opens her own shop, selling only the goods of the manufacturer.

The most elaborate and interesting part of the beauty racket concerns the firms who have beauty parlors in large cities, with a connecting factory which manufactures and sells to the trade. These beauty parlors flourish on Fifth Avenue, the Rue de la Paix and Michigan Boulevard. Their decorations range from the most extreme modernistic to discreet but no less elaborate period rooms done in genuine antiques. There is one on Fifth Avenue in which the appointments are of the most exquisite Venetian glass, antique tapestries and Georgian and French furniture. Another, on Fifty-seventh Street, is modernistically bizarre, but decorative and voluptuous enough to suit anyone.

Psychologists tell me that one of the main reasons women seek beauty parlors is not wholly for the benefits the treatments may have on their faces after the brief hour—for which they pay from three to ten dollars—but because they are lapped round with unaccustomed luxuries. They are received in the lovely reception room by a soft-voiced young woman, exquisitely groomed. All around them is beauty, a leisurely elegance. Tea is often served in the afternoon. Everyone is gracious, suave.

They are conducted to beautifully furnished cubicles, taffeta or chintz hung. Here, each customer is turned over to an operator—a young girl in a white nurse's uniform—who has been chosen partly for her flawless complexion. Then the elaborate hokus-pokus of the beauty parlor is performed. The customer's gown is removed. A pastel-shaded eiderdown robe is slipped around her shoulders or she is made comfortable by being tucked in between delicately colored blankets in a luxuriously soft armchair. Her hair is tied back with a white cloth. The swift fingers of the trained attendant rub a soft cleansing cream into the face, rub it out again. And she compliments Madame on her lovely complexion or, with more compliments, is a bit horrified because Madame has neglected so beautiful a skin.

Unguents, all fragrant, all soothing, are pressed or slapped into the face, according to the method of that particular beauty shop. If the face has begun to age, a stinging lotion is applied, to bring the blood to the surface. It is then wrapped, and

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usually patted with ice. More cream and rapid kneadings are followed by a skillful make-up. And when she looks into the artfully placed mirror, Madame is amazed to see how well she looks.

"Madame looks much more beautiful!" advises the attendant. "She will look even more beautiful after a few more treatments!" "More beautiful" is part of the set phraseology of the beauty parlor. Madame is never ugly. Madame can always be made "more beautiful."

Then Madame is urged to buy some of the fragrant and elaborate creams that are for sale, all in the decorative jars used by that particular beauty parlor. She is told which creams and liquids she really needs for her particular case—from three to half a dozen—and the exact shades of rouge and powder as well. The operator nearly always receives a commission on her sales—and a tip—and Madame is told that she can buy these same creams—if she is from out of town—at her own druggist or department store.

Madame trips away after her voluptuous hour, feeling every inch a queen, a pampered darling. Perhaps this specious and transient feeling of superiority is worth the price paid for it. A few rare beauty parlors now charge only three dollars a treatment. The better ones have a set rate of four to six dollars, with perhaps a dollar off if you buy a "course." The more elaborate treatments for aging faces are ten dollars or higher. Except in certain cases of sensitive skin, or where too strenuous methods are used, certainly these treatments do no harm. Sometimes they are even helpful to the skin as well as to the mind. Physicians often send nervous cases to expensive beauty parlors—and the patients are frequently benefited by the treatments.

One New York beauty parlor charges three hundred dollars for a course of thirty treatments. Some patrons, the trained nurse in charge told me, are already on their fourth or fifth couse. This treatment is imported. The patient reclines on a comfortable couch. A metal pad is placed under her. A specially constructed mask—new for every regular patron—of plaster and metal, is applied to her face. The pad and mask are connected, with wiring for positive and negative electricity, to a large machine. The voltage is varied according to the patient. It is supposed to bring blood and energy, rejuvenation, to the face. Certainly it gives a temporary redness and causes much perspiration which, after all, is a sign of unusual circulation.

Besides the three-hundred-dollar treatment, this beauty salon has many charmingly decorated floors of beauty aids. There are salesrooms where imported negligés as well as creams are sold, floors where regular and transient patrons receive facial treatment, many types of rooms for body massage, baths, and a whole floor devoted to reducing or developing exercises.

Another beauty specialist, with a salon in one of the large Fifth Avenue department stores, also charges three hundred dollars for her treatment. This "rejuvenating method" consists of the most delicate massage. But perhaps a quotation from her booklet will tell you better than I can what this modern miracle woman promises:

> Madame Z——'s method consists in the treatment of the muscles of the face and neck.
>
> Why? Because after the age of twenty-five the muscles begin to spread and it is necessary to treat these muscles with a view to strengthening them and restoring youth.
>
> There is no excessively full face that she cannot reduce, and no very thin and tired-looking one that she cannot make fuller. There is no neck, no matter how badly formed (double chin or wrinkled neck) that she cannot put right. SHE CAN REMOLD EVERY FACE, RESTORING THE APPEARANCE IT HAD AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.
>
> By means of muscular movements she is able to enlarge the sockets of the eyes, raise the corners of the mouth and strengthen the breast. She treats each face according to its shape and characteristic lines, which differ with every person.

The list of patrons of this particular shop includes famous beauties of the screen and "women about town." The special rejuvenation cream at this particular shop sells for $16 a jar—and the jars are so tiny that you're bound to use a lot of them.

Lest you think this cream is exorbitant in price, you have only to compare it with a cream sold in a Fifty-seventh Street shop which has branches in important cities. Creams here range in price from those suitable for a "young business woman" to a special cream for stimulation which sells for $100 a jar, though you may get a small trial jar for $60 if you want to be thrifty.

During the last few years a cream that has been popular for its supposed qualities of rejuvenation and is only now losing its appeal, was advertised as containing the hormones of turtles. A chemical analysis of this cream showed absolutely no hormones of turtle present. Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of The Journal of the American Medical Association, wrote me that "there is not the slightest scientific evidence as to any merit of turtle glands." Even if they were present in the cream, they wouldn't help the skin or bring back lost youth—but the turtle glands aren't even there. The container is most ornamental, a gilt jar shaped like a Greek lamp and you may buy the cream, full strength—and the container—for a mere twenty-five dollars.

Before me are creams manufactured by some of the smarter firms, with advertisements and laboratory tests of their value. It's too bad that these do not agree.

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enough, that it is to be used instead of soap and water to cleanse the skin and to remove dust and impurities from the pores. The advertised description of the cream, which, not being attached to the container, is not subject to the Federal Food and Drugs Act, becomes somewhat more flowery:

> A light feathery cream that liquefies quickly with the warmth of the skin and penetrates the depth of the pores where it dissolves and dislodges impurities. It rids the skin of accumulated dust, powder and excretions. Begin every treatment of the skin with a generous application of cleansing cream. Smooth it freely over the face and neck, allowing it to soften into the pores. It cleanses the skin thoroughly, keeps it fine-grained and supple, and does not stretch the skin. Cleansing cream should be used as often as you find it necessary to cleanse, especially in the morning and night treatments.

No cleansing cream can keep a skin "fine-grained and supple" and no cream, *per se*, "stretches the skin!" This cream sells for six dollars a pound pot. The laboratory tests show it to be "a typical cold cream incapable of performing any miracles."

The skin tonic to be used with it, if you can believe the manufacturer, is

> a tonic and mild astringent. Use X—— for clearing, firming and lightening the skin and bringing new life and fervor to every cell. Its astringency, combined with brisk patting, serves to tone and firm the muscles under the skin and to keep the tissues active and healthy. Pat it briskly on the face and neck after cleansing to stimulate circulation and bring a vivid glow of natural color to the cheeks. The daily use of this treatment will clarify and brighten the most faded and sallow skin. A pad of absorbent cotton moistened with the skin tonic placed over the eyes is especially invigorating and soothing to tired eyes and the muscles around them.

You can buy a nice bottle of this tonic for two dollars. The disillusioning laboratory points out that it "consists essentially of a solution in water and a small amount of alcohol, of boric acid and a compound of antimony." The laboratory says further that:

> We found less than one percent of non-volatile matter present in the solution, indicating the presence of over 99 percent of matter volatile at 100°C. (consisting of water, small amount of alcohol, and any perfume oils that might be present). The presence of antimony is, of course, objectionable. Antimony is poisonous and, in our opinion, should, therefore, not be used in a preparation which is to be applied to the face where there are possibilities of its entering the mouth. The expensive part of this preparation is, of course, the alcohol.

If your skin is no longer young you will undoubtedly want more elaborate helps than a mere cleans- The average woman who "takes care of her skin," has a weekly massage and uses a cleansing cream, a tonic or an astringent, a "skin food," a finishing cream—which more than likely consists chiefly of soap and glycerin—and several special lotions and creams if her skin is too oily or too dry or has wrinkles, blackheads or acne. And most of these are nearly worthless!

Perhaps a "special astringent" will be recommended by the beauty parlor. According to the advertisements this is:

> A compound of astringent essences extracted from rare herbs. Its purpose is to tighten the skin and restore its youthful elasticity. It firms and tones the skin and flabby tissues, and braces drooping muscles, wonderfully improving the contour. It corrects a relaxed chin and throat, reduces puffiness under the eyes.

The cruel laboratory report advises that this astringent "consists essentially of a strong alcoholic solution and a small amount of an oily substance. Some gum, such as Irish moss, is probably present. There appear also to be present juniper and lemon oil. The price again is, however, extremely high even though a large proportion of the sample consists of alcohol."

No cosmetic has been discovered that can "tighten the skin and restore its youthful elasticity." No astringent could "brace drooping muscles." This astringent costs ten dollars for twenty-two ounces, and if you like to buy in quantities you may have a whole half-gallon of it for thirty-five dollars.

If your skin needs a bleach, one of the better known beauty parlors advertises one which is five dollars a jar and may help you—especially if you listen to the manufacturer's praise of it instead of to the laboratory analysis. This shows 25 percent of water, 57 percent of fatty-matter base, 7 percent beta naphthol, 3 percent salicylic acid and 5.44 percent sulphur, and further adds,

> In connection with the use of beta-naphthol, we might call your attention to the fact that this substance has been reported to produce toxic symptoms when used externally in high concentrations.

Perhaps your eyelashes have been coming out or you long for the thick and curly lashes of a movie star. And so this advertisement is likely to attract you:

> Beautiful eyes are greatly enhanced by long lashes. Nothing detracts so much from the appearance as a thin growth of eyelashes. This rich ointment tipped on the edge of the lids twice a day will promote a luxuriant growth.

It's too bad that you must know that this eyelash grower, to quote the Certificate of Analysis, "appears to consist essentially of a mixture of paraffin or paraffin and petrolatum, with a fatty substance, probably lanolin." The laboratory goes on to state

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> from our examination, we do not believe the sample to have the specific property—of growing eyelashes "luxuriantly"—claimed for it. Aside from its uselessness, the price of two dollars, in our opinion, is really exorbitant, as from our examination it does not seem probable that the mixture of ingredients themselves is really worth more than a few cents.

Are you still on a quest for beauty? According to their manufacturers, beauty masks turn a plain, sallow face into one glowing with health and beauty. Time was when you couldn't pick up a magazine without reading how some country beauty had discovered a magic clay while bringing in the cows. Even today advertisements tell of the wonders of beauty masks:

> Never has a beauty product created such a sensation throughout the world. The most famous beauty experts of Europe seized upon it instantly. Never before could a beauty treatment so effectually smooth away lines and crows' feet, eradicate puffiness, tighten and freshen the skin—in short, really rejuvenate faces. Purging the pores of their poisons, eradicating enlarged pores, blackheads and imperfections.

Another beauty mask is equally enthusiastically advertised:

> It is the only substitute which can approach one of our expert salon treatments. It firms the underlying muscles, corrects wrinkles and flaccidity. If your skin shows the effects of neglect, or the "wilted" look of fatigue, brace and tone it with this wonderful rejuvenating treatment. It revives the weariest tissues. Jar, sufficient for six treatments, $5.

The laboratory does not agree with the advertisers:

> We find the product to be a composition usual for preparations appearing on the market as clay packs. The sample is a mixture of a clay material with precipitated chalk, magnesium sulphate and water.

Other masks proved, on analysis, to contain about 50 percent of water, and to be "essentially mixtures of clay and water." Pure Fuller's earth, pure clay —kaolin—or an egg mixture, will make quite as satisfactory a pack and will certainly perform equal marvels. Certainly no pack can do the things that are being claimed for it. By drawing the skin, they do stimulate it temporarily and may cause it to look better.

Another beauty firm, which advertises expensive beauty preparations under one name, also manufactures cheaper cosmetics under another name—and the cosmetics differ hardly at all except in price and packing. The "special skin food" of this firm according to the laboratory consists of:

> Emulsion of water and fat or wax, probably lanolin and petrolatum, paraffin, paraffin oil, or some combination of the last three. This cream is supposed to nourish thin faces, and fill out wrinkles. The [illegible] any cold cream in conjunction with massaging no doubt helps to smooth out wrinkles.

An astringent made by this company consists of:

> A sediment of calcium carbonate or precipitated chalk in perfumed water. In addition, it is possible that very small amounts of other materials are present. By far the larger proportion of the sample, however, is water and precipitated chalk. A few cents would be enough to pay for the actual ingredients of the bottle submitted, and yet, as we understand it, $3 is asked.

A "circulation ointment" made by this same firm is:

> A mixture of Balsam of Peru with petrolatum. Vigorous massage of the skin with or without this ointment undoubtedly increases circulation.

A skin tonic and astringent of this company is:

> A solution of water, alcohol, glycerin and a small amount of borax. It has, no doubt, mild astringent properties. However, one could make his own by dissolving some borax and glycerin in water at a very small fraction of the price.

So much for creams sold by smart Fifth Avenue shops and their agencies. And dozens of other similar creams and lotions, for which the advertisers make extravagant claims, appear under a different light when responsible laboratories make chemical investigations. The "treatments" these shops give have about the same value as the creams—undoubtedly an excellent psychological effect and sometimes a physical effect that is slightly more than temporary. The smarter shops give slightly more skillful treatments, as a rule, than the smaller shops on side streets and in smaller cities, the Bettye Shoppe, the Bleu Beauty Shop, the Rose Budde and the like. Some of these are badly in need of investigation.

As long as state laws regarding beauty parlors are lax, we can expect little improvement and, on the whole, massage treatments are not harmful. Only a few states require beauty parlors to be licensed. Cosmetics are not under the control of the Food and Drugs Administration unless they contain drugs which must be declared on the label. If you want to visit luxurious salons and pay large prices for pleasant beauty treatments and beautifully wrapped creams there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't.

Creams for sale at a more reasonable price at department stores and neighborhood drug stores are the ones the average woman buys. What does she get for her money?

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW.

In her third article, Miss Winslow will consider

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Washington Notes

Decline of Partisan Feeling—Hoover's Proposal —Democratic and Progressive Support— Mrs. Pratt and Other Matters

AS WE APPROACH the year 1932, there seems to be a feeling among the politicians of both parties and all factions that things may happen within the next eight months that will make prophesies and procedure along ordinary political lines unsound, unsafe and foolish. I rather feel that way myself, but it has been interesting to note the effect upon Congress. In the last few days before the recess for Christmas, there was a visible decline in partisan feeling. There will be an outburst again at the Democratic Jackson Day banquet and the national-committee meeting to follow. That is to be expected. On the eve of what seems to be an assured Democratic victory in November, it would be unnatural not to sing a few preliminary hymns of triumph. They will be sung in a loud key and with great enthusiasm. None the less, when Congress reconvenes, Democratic leaders will be found in a sober frame of mind. I attribute this increase of seriousness among our statesmen to two things. One is that for various reasons not evident on the surface, the week before the recess there were rumors around Washington of further financial demoralization. Reports were spread that a perilous situation existed among South Carolina banks, that weak spots had developed in the savings-bank situation, that New York financiers believed that things were not under control, and that the National Credit Corporation, from which so much had been expected to restore confidence, was not really functioning.

Probably most of these reports were without foundation, but they had an effect nevertheless. It was noticeable in the Senate's change in attitude toward Hoover's proposal for an Emergency Reconstruction Finance Corporation. When this was first proposed it was looked upon with considerable disfavor. Much of this vanished with the strong endorsement of Democratic bankers, and it is now probable that the bill will be passed soon after the holidays.

The first step in that direction was taken by the subcommittee of the Finance Committee, which has already given it a favorable report. The bankers believe that Mr. Hoover's proposal will do more to stabilize and restore confidence than anything else that has been suggested. But the bankers have been so consistently wrong and so wholly devoid of initiative, courage and capacity during this whole trying period that their guarantee does not completely convince me. It will be admitted that the proposed step is an extraordinary one, puts us almost on a war basis, and, in effect, places the United States Treasury behind the banks. It is a radical move, but it probably is essential. In any event, no political party dares to take the risk of opposing or delaying it. For this reason, I anticipate its passage early in January. It is one measure which in all probability will be shoved through in jig time.

The other cause, I think, for the diminution of partisan feeling was Mr. McFadden of Pennsylvania. The sheer so manifest that it is not worth discussing. It is merely

the reaction was strong and general. Democratic voices were raised in dissent and practically everybody was ashamed. I do not mean by this that politics is to be adjourned when Congress reconvenes, or that there will be no bitter partisan speeches and fights. Nor do I mean that the progressives will not push their relief program with all the energy and force they can command. They will. What I do mean is that the economic situation is still so menacing that neither Democrats nor progressives will put themselves in the position of blocking anything that seems to offer real promise of improvement. They do not propose to give Mr. Hoover a free hand. They do not propose to accept everything he suggests; but they are determined not to give him the opportunity of blaming his opponents for "obstructing" anything with a real chance of improving the general situation. In this I think they are wise—both from the political and the patriotic point of view.

The people themselves are in a somewhat nervous state of mind, and while they have no confidence in Hoover, there is always a popular disposition to side with the President against Congress. The best possible way to create sympathy for Hoover would be to give substance to the charge that Congress is standing in the way of economic recovery. Private conversations with leaders among Democrats and progressives convince me that they have no intention of making that mistake. On the contrary, the McFaddens among them will be suppressed and a considerable part of Hoover's recommendations will be supported in modified form.

Turning from these serious subjects of general policy affecting the country's welfare to smaller matters of practical politics affecting individuals, let us consider one or two interesting suggestions that have been mentioned recently. One is that Mrs. Ruth Pratt of New York is seriously considering entering the lists as a candidate for the Republican senatorial nomination next fall. I take no stock in this myself, though the argument is rather plausible. It seems that the district Mrs. Pratt now represents in the House has been so redistricted as practically to preclude her election, even if she is renominated. Under such circumstances her only hope of staying in political life is to try for the senatorship. I do not believe it. It seems much more likely to me that Mrs. Pratt would completely eliminate herself from politics by becoming a senatorial aspirant than by making her fight to retain her House seat. I should say that the chances of any Republican's defeating Senator Robert Wagner in New York next year are exceedingly slim. The idea of a woman's doing it, or even being given the chance to do it, is simply not reasonable.

The other rumor concerns the Democratic ticket next year. It is rumored that if Roosevelt can be blocked, the ticket will be headed by Newton D. Baker of Ohio and Jimmie Walker of New York. So far as I can gather, the basis for this is Mayor Walker's trip to San Francisco for the purpose of releasing the martyred Mooney. The contention is that Mr. Walker's visit to California was a calculated political move to strengthen him with liberal and progressive elements. The absurdity of this rumor is

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of proportion, not to say balance, of the political mind on the threshold of a presidential campaign.

A considerably more sensible idea is the one advanced that the ticket will be Roosevelt and Reed. The Reed referred to is the famous ex-Senator Jim of Missouri. The man who purveyed the idea to me happens to be fairly close to Jim and supplemented his prediction with the statement that "if anyone asks Jim about it he will deny it with heat and indignation, but I know he will take it." The cloud of uncertainty still hovers about Roosevelt's candidacy and the forces hostile to him are still determined to prevent his selection and more confident than they were a few weeks back of their ability to do so. If, however, he should become the party's presidential candidate, the logic and the force of Reed's selection appeal to me.

Certainly it will be essential to go West for a running mate. Political considerations would indicate Ohio, Illinois or Missouri, because of the size of their electoral votes and their pivotal nature, as the preferred sections. As Mr. Baker is certainly not a possibility for the vice-presidency, Jim Reed stands out as the best bet. I do not know that Jim's friend is right and he would take it, but it does not sound unlikely to me. There may be as little in this idea as in the other two I have cited, but it is at least not absurd.

Washington. T. R. B.

The Old Master of Photography

THE DRAMATIC event in Edinburgh in 1843 was the disruption of the Church of Scotland. Four hundred and seventy ministers arose in the Assembly Hall, and resigning their churches, manses and livings for conscience's sake, left the building in a body to found the democratic Free Church. A young Scottish academician, David Octavious Hill, assisted at the demonstration, and conceived the idea of depicting it in a monumental painting. Hill had previously experimented with the new means of photography; and now he set up a photographic studio for the purpose of obtaining likenesses of the multitudinous participants. For several years he photographed not only his dominies, but the leaders of the intellectual and artistic life of the capital: with the exception of some landscapes and *genre* pictures, the mass of his work was portraiture.

It immediately aroused intense appreciation. One of the sensational exhibits at the London World's Fair of 1851 was a group of Hill's calotypes. Entering the photographic show, the Prince Consort paused with an exclamation of pleasure before a portrait of Lady Eastlake in a striped dress. Afterwards, Hill returned to "art," abandoning photography, and eventually managed to complete his canvas of the "Signature of the Deed of Demission." Twenty years after his death, when his "masterpiece" had long since passed into the limbo of historic lumber, the Glasgow pictorial photographer, Craig Annan, acquiring a number of his negatives, had them carefully reproduced by pigment process; and interpreted the original negatives with the richer resources which had accrued to photography in the course of time. The prints were circulated among collectors and artists, Whistler, Sargent, Leighton and others. In 1898, the Royal Photographic Society organized an exhibit of nearly seventy of them, and it was promptly understood that the calotypes of Hill represent the first great work done with the photographic means, and that his best portraits rank with the liveliest and most beautiful made in Great Britain. Today, they figure among the treasures of British and German print museums. The present long awaited American edition of the German work on Hill[1] brings to the American public unacquainted with either the originals or their reproductions in "Camera Work," a rich indication of these very triumphant results of the application of an individual medium to the end which that medium is intrinsically able to encompass.

The peculiar ability of the photographic medium is the achievement of a scientific and an esthetic objective in a single form. Because of its capacity for grasping a complexity of ephemeral detail greater than that which the eye is instantaneously able to grasp or the hand instantaneously to record, it is able to capture in permanent shape the visible object as temporary conditions of light and life model it; and thus approach nature. But it is equally able to record the feelings of the beholder of the visible object, to organize that which it records in terms of rhythm and movement, and satisfy the subjective, metaphysical, esthetic interest simultaneously with the objective, scientific one; and to no less ample a degree. The genius of Hill showed itself in his sensitive exploitation of the twin possibilities of the new medium. How it came about that this painter of conventional sunsets responded to the new medium and became the masterly pictorial photographer, we can only guess. The mean will infer that those who cannot paint, photograph. But the wise will see that, if this were so, the world would be full of fine photographs; as it is, the fine photograph is a greater rarity than the fine painting.

The earnest and considerate, though somewhat inadequate introduction supplied the present volume by Herr Schwarz has a better explanation of the event of Hill's great work. It calls to mind the fact that the impulse to approach nature in the objective spirit of scientific research was as infectiously in the air of the nineteenth century as in that of the sixteenth; and that the scientific capacities of the new medium may very well have summoned an intensity of interest from Hill, the son of the nineteenth century, that no other medium could excite. It discovers a further dynamism in the opportunities for the multiplication of prints inherent in the photographic process: those were archi-democratic days, and the democratic public suggested a widely disseminable, readily and inexpensively reproducible type of picture. Our own added guess is, that as Hill looked at the ground glass in his camera, he perceived upon it not only the image of what he saw when he looked at his subjects, but the image of what they made him feel; and the artist in him was fascinated by the extraordinary complex.

Whatever the source, Hill's photographs are distinguished for their large expression of the seen and the unseen both. They have the delicate detail revealed by the light, the subtle contours and fine modeling of the face, the infinitesimal wrinkles and tiny hairs, all the fabulous photographic

[1] David Octavius Hill: Master of Photography, with eighty reproductions, by Heinrich Schwarz. New York: The Viking Press. $7.50.

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put down with their pictorial means, and which waited on the camera for complete registration. These details nevertheless are used to body forth the living quality of the sitters. The selection, accentuation and organization of detail for the purpose of metaphysical expression were perhaps less difficult a problem for Hill than for other and more recent photographers. His sitters were innocent of the camera; and, bare of preconceptions of the camera portrait, they coöperated naïvely with the new process. Furthermore, they were immensely expressive types. It was an age of proud, beautiful, passionate people; self-assured; filled with the sense of the worth and power of the human soul. Integral, the force of life and individuality came to the surface clearly and completely; externalizing itself not only through face and gesture, but through hairdress and clothing. Men and women alike arranged their locks with some appropriateness; and their costumes were not only rich and quaint, but personal and distinct. Force and expressiveness existed in all classes of society. It is as evident in the persons of the young Newhaven fishwives photographed by Hill as in those of Lockhart and "Christopher North" and the rest of the Scotch Reviewers and spiritual, artistic, scientific and social eminences who posed for him.

However important to the portraits the contribution of Hill's sitters was, his own more than equaled it. There was an extraordinary feeling of life and capacity for penetrating character in Hill's constitution; and a correspondingly large capacity to embody the psychology of his sitters in terms of the medium. Hill brought to his camera work a technique derived from the study of Raeburn and the other makers of upper-class effigies; and his persistent trick of expressing the life of the eye through an intensification of the shadows beneath it recalls his famous countryman. Certain of his masculine poses also emulate the grand manner of fashionable portrait-painting. It is, nevertheless, plain that photographic experience developed Hill's affection for a technique directly responsive to the subject and the psychological problem. While the requirements of photography drove him from his conventional studio-light into the broad sun, responsiveness to the quality of human life itself drove him to the registration of a variety of unconventional, significant, amusing poses, and the origination of a variety of striking compositions. Though he built up his forms with a chiaroscuro related to that of the old masters, his play of light and dark is subtle, and sensitively modulated. It has a rhythm and austere magnificence quite its own; and it remains relevant to the individual problem. It is grandiose in the portrait of the vigorous, noble, slightly bumptious authoress, Mrs. Brownell-Jameson, "friend of Ottilie von Goethe and Lady Byron." It is massive and brutal in that of the dogged, suspicious old butcher, Alexander Munro, professor of surgery in the medical college. There is a wonderful delicacy, charm and tenderness in the disposition of the lights and shadows in the portraits of artistic old Mrs. Rigby. And in the photograph of "the peerless paper peer," Lord Patrick Robertson,

"Who broke the laws of God and man and meter,"

the squat, congested shapes convey the feeling of creative impotence quite as directly as Walter Scott and Lockhart's [illegible] at the baronial poetry.

communication of the intellectuality of the sitters. Intellectuality was their common expression; and if any single force inspired Hill, apparently it was the sublimation of the stuff of the body in brain matter. The majority of his sitters are held in some moment of tense, deep, occasionally melancholy thinking-feeling; and the chiaroscuro not only accents the brooding skull, itself the hero of these half-length portraits, with its strongest lights, but seems almost abstractly to represent the dominance of the brain. Possibly the absence of color helps suggest the mental atmosphere, for the splendor of color has some connection with the physical world which black and white has not. Whatever the cause, Hill's portraits seem loaded with the quality of thought; and if not all of them communicate genial intelligences, the feeling of intellectual awakeness and energy adds the final touch of interest and distinction to this Scottish *comédie humaine,* this solid little province of portraiture.

Somewhere on the brink of universality, the photographs of Hill stop short. Large as it is, their interest remains the interest of the specific subject. The solidity of his esthetic structures merely emphasizes and communicates the quality of his sitters. The subject itself does not become a point of contact with the forces of life, represented by the abstract relation and interplay of the lines and shapes, the textures and colors of the print conceived as a form made up of formal units. This completer exploitation of the formal possibilities of the medium, this sheer objectification of feeling and creation of photographic microcosms, was reserved for a few American photographers under the headship of Stieglitz. How far toward abstraction Hill might have progressed, had he continued photographing, we cannot guess; we cannot even guess why he did not persist in his wonderful camera work. Herr Schwarz attributes the discontinuation partly to the death in 1848 of Robert Adamson, the chemist associated with Hill in his experiments, and partly to the abeyance of public interest in photography. What appears a more plausible reason is the stubbornness of Hill's ambition to excel as a painter. Paint, after all, was the sacrosanct medium. It is said that his wife also gently urged him to persevere in his original effort. Doubtless, too, the Walter Pachs and Thomas Cravens of the day were encouragingly loud in their declarations that photography could never be an art "because the photographer could not select."

Yet if Hill's work stays within the bounds of pictorial photography, it remains there as the undisputed prince. The best of the pictorialists, Atget, Mrs. Cameron, De Meyer, Eugene, Kuehne, Nadar and the rest, do not rival the subtle animation of his figures or the majesty of his compositions. Hill may not have had the delightful Parisian wit and fantasy of Atget, in many ways his artistic compeer. Still, his feeling of loveliness was by no means second to the younger Frenchman's; and the purely pictorial values of his prints are more solid than any of his fellows. To view the excellent reproductions in Schwarz's book is to fall in love with life and the communicative medium. But it is thus that all "old masters" touch the world.

The Rivera Exhibition

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Museum of Modern Art in New York, the exhibition of the work of the celebrated Mexican fresco painter, Diego Rivera, incompletely represents that work. Rivera's great frescoes in the City of Mexico and in Cuernavaca are serial, and are said to build up with a monumentality unequaled by mural painting since Tiepolo and Luca Giordano decorated church and palace ceilings. They are bibles of the Mexican conquest and the revolution, communicating the deeds, sufferings and aspirations of the Mexican people through characteristic shapes and colors; and the narrative is one of their main interests. Hence, intrinsically vigorous, courageous and brilliant as the adaptations of single encaustic motives made by Rivera for his New York exhibition are, they are fragmentary, bare of the effects secured them by their settings and continuities. Yet the Modern Museum can congratulate itself on a demonstration of Rivera's spirit surely as illuminating as those in the Ministry of Education and the Palace of Cortez.

The exhibition includes many of his older jewellike cubistic paintings: very personal adaptations of the styles of Picasso, Rousseau, Cézanne and Seurat. They are at least as lovely as his recent works. And shown in conjunction with the encaustics, they call attention to the artistic personality as contrasted with that of the revolutionary narrator and educator; and with an intensity which the didacticism of the frescoes tends to diffuse. Besides, they tell us something of the reason why Rivera, despite his zealotry and humanitarianism, has been deemed unworthy of his membership in the Communist party—like many other artists; and the reason may somewhat help define the position of the artist in general.

To begin, the collection reveals Rivera's cosmopolitanism. He has been able to assimilate many different styles; perhaps because of the extreme mixture of his blood, part Spanish, part Russian, part Jewish and part Amerindian. Whatever the reason, any man so sympathetic to many different ideas could scarcely be entirely sympathetic with a purely agrarian or proletarian movement and merge himself entirely in it. Again, the collection shows Rivera the kind of draftsman able to depict anything, provided it has movement, vigor, life. And such a talent could not fail to find the expression of everything rhythmical and vigorous an end in itself, no matter what its bearing. It would never confine itself to propaganda.

Then, Rivera evidently conceives of man with an immense warmth and faith. A great human goodness, compassionateness and sweetness speak from his figures; and no painter, even a Communist, so conscious of the possibilities of human nature can avoid finding their ubiquity directly incentive. Though his strongest inspirations may always flow from the figures of the teachers and liberators of humanity, from time to time they will be summoned by the figures of children, or by lovely bodies; or even by American business men with expressions like the thud of hooves, but with slowly opening eyes. No partisan allegiance can completely absorb such a spirit. It may even become dispassionate, and see, as Rivera apparently saw, the humor of communism, the persistence of "Holy" Russia in Moscow's May Day exercises. Besides, Rivera's art sings the joys and bounties and tragedies of life itself [illegible] of the Indian" will bear conversion to the uses of propaganda under the title "The Liberation of the Peon." But many of these lyrical pieces are too frankly celebrations of the experience of life to bear disguisement. And the man who has the feelings of union with things underlying such works must appear treacherous to those whose aims are entirely future; and must himself come to feel himself hopelessly at variance with all who would deny him the right to the full expression of human experience, here, there and everywhere.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

The Wreck of the Gravy Train

During the coming year, The New Republic will publish a number of sketches and stories, of which this narrative by Robert Cantwell is the first to appear.—THE EDITORS.

WE WALKED to the garage. It was about three o'clock in the morning, and it was still hot, with the breathless heat of Arizona midsummer, when the nights are only a little cooler, and seem only afternoons grown unaccountably dark. We were answering an advertisement that called for a hundred drivers to move a group of used cars from Phoenix to Los Angeles. Earlier in the evening we had inquired, but the salesmen could only tell us to come back in the morning. We walked through the deserted streets, past the people lying asleep on their lawns, to the garage, a stucco building open across the front, with a steel grate protecting the cars lined rigidly inside.

Most of them were expensive cars, newly painted, completely overhauled, with good rubber and all accessories. The most expensive were at the entrance, the eights first, then the larger sizes, tapering off to the small cars and the older models in the rear. The garage was dark. There were a few men waiting, lying in the grass, or sitting inside on the running boards of the first cars. My brother had picked out the car he wanted to drive, but when he took possession of it someone told him drivers would be assigned to the cars.

We waited, lying in the clipped grass beside the garage. There was no talking, at first, except for the brief questions the newcomers asked as they arrived. They came alone, some of them straggling in from the parks around the library and the capitol building. There were no signs of life anywhere but at the garage and around a red-and-lavender sign over an auto-supply house down the street. The sign was made of tubes of cold light, and it seemed to move as the insects swarmed against it. Something attracted them to this particular sign; the sidewalk beneath it was littered with their broken, shell-like bodies. There was a cat lying beneath it that had adapted itself to modern conveniences, lying inert all day and at night feeding on the insects that fell from the light overhead. It was enormously fat, and very sluggish in its movements. I used to watch it as I walked to town, and I never saw it stir after an insect that fell out of reach of its paws.

The crowd increased. At first we were suspicious of each other, and afraid there would not be enough cars for all of us. Then someone said that the law had stopped him on his way to the garage, and everyone started talking,

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about and be sure of being understood except the petty, senseless persecution of the police. We came from all parts of the country, and all we had in common was the suspicion the police gave us—that, and our ability to drive automobiles. Men told of being jailed or beaten as vagrants, and a Texan told me that in Texas they could jail you as a vagrant even if you had twenty-five hundred dollars in your pocket.

The little flare-up of common feeling ended when the lights went on and we scrambled for the cars. In the light we were a group of individuals again, a few tramps, some college boys with Mississippi A. and M. belt buckles, a few workmen with tool-kits. Someone said, "The city of Phoenix ought to pay them plenty for getting this outfit out of town!"

We waited, behind the wheels of the big cars, while the three owners, Californians wearing white knickers and white shirts and white caps, gave each other detailed instructions. Someone said the owners had agreed to buy our meals along the road. This was unexpected; the word spread, evoking a certain temperate approval. "Gravy train!" the Texan said, looking at the line of expensive cars, at the good rubber, the new paint and polish, the prosperous owners who promised to buy our meals.

One of the bosses stood up in his car and began impressively, "Men, we're going to take these cars to Los Angeles and we aren't going to have any trouble. All you fellows listen now; listen to me, because if you start speeding or passing cars you'll be stopped and put out of your car right where you're caught—I don't give a damn if it's in the middle of the desert!"

His partners kept eyeing us while he talked, as though afraid that if they looked away we would drive off with their cars. "Do you get that?" the boss asked. "Every car is numbered and every driver will follow the car with the number below his own. Is that clear? *The first guy that gets out of line, his car will be taken away from him and he'll be put out—I don't give a damn if it's in the middle of the desert!*" He paused to let it sink in. It sounded as though he had caught us speeding and was bawling us out. After a moment he realized he was accusing us of something we hadn't done. "Listen, men," he said. "I don't like to talk this way. But I want you to see this is a serious proposition; these are expensive cars, and what would happen if a hundred drivers started racing all the way from here to Los Angeles? Over these desert roads? Stay in line, follow your car. Don't pass cars in the line. I'll buy meals for the drivers. I'll buy your meals, yes, and when we get to Los Angeles I'll buy everybody a meal. Yes, and if anybody needs a dollar or so carfare I'll fix him up. *If you'll stay in line!*"

He drove his sport roadster out of the garage. Looking at us, from the seat of his big car, he could not believe we would take care of his cars; he was afraid of us, and determined to watch us closely. Perhaps he realized that as soon as we were on the road he had no power over us, and no control of his property, except by keeping us ignorant of where we were going. He could not understand that we felt no antagonism toward him or his machinery. The things that were important to us—the [illegible] to get out of the valley, a killed engine, that he didn't take an inability to start an unfamiliar motor as an inability to drive—were small matters to him, and his anxiety about his property made it impossible for him to trust us. So we started out, at a funeral speed, the line stiff and slow with one owner leading, one following, and one, racing back and forth past the cars in a little fish-tail roadster, herding us against the edge of the road.

The sun came up before we left the valley. We drove at ten miles an hour, and it grew terribly hot before we reached Wickenberg. We closed the windows against the dust that hung over the road, in the still air, for hours after we had passed. It was nerve-wracking driving the big cars at this slow speed, eating the dust of the cars ahead, and it clashed with the national impulse to pass something, but we stayed in line. After eight hours we stopped at Aguila, a filling station and a restaurant in the desert, for gas and oil and water. The country was true desert, flat and scorched, with the mountains only bleached piles of rock, hard and distinct in the metallic air. When a car passed on the highway the dust spurted up behind it, trailing it for miles like a long floating tail dragging after it. The cars were taken care of, but nothing was said about food. We waited. Two of the owners ate; the one following the procession had not appeared. An hour passed, and we were still waiting, growing hungrier, but our little revolution was still a long way off. We were not rebellious. But when the owners thought of us as drivers, as parts of the machines, essential as carburetors, but cheaper—when they grouped us together and denied our needs and our capabilities, we insisted upon them. The slow speed only wore on our nerves, and the roadster darting back and forth along the line was too much like a dog herding cattle. That was all, at first; that and a growing conviction we couldn't depend on the owners to buy our meals.

Down the line someone shouted an order to start. The first cars pulled into the road. There was a feverish moment as the engines were started and we tried to keep our places in line. We were in place, number twenty-eight following number twenty-seven, but some of the cars had been slow in starting and now edged along the line, trying to keep up the old order. The speed increased, twenty miles an hour for awhile, and then forty, and then fifty and fifty-five. At that speed the dust was so heavy we could not see the road. We could see only the tires and the faint outlines of the car ahead. When we slowed down the car behind bore down on us. We did not know what had happened. We thought the owners had gone crazy. We thought that driving their big cars, at the head of the line, out of the dust, they did not realize the difficulties of their employees in the rear. We accused ourselves, thinking we did not have as much nerve as we had believed. But all this went away in our anger against our employers, whose inconsiderateness suddenly seemed insanity. We would show them, we said; we would stay in line, by God, if it killed us!

We drove for hours with no knowledge of where we were going, unable to see the road, unable to see anything but fleeting outlines of the car ahead and ominous glimpses of the one behind. Sometimes we found the curves by

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constant strain seemed almost normal, and we plunged along sightlessly through the coil of dust as though we knew of no other way to drive. We considered many explanations, but it never occurred to us that we were running away. We kept in line, but we did not know that the drivers ahead of us did not know where they were going.

We found it out when we came out of the dust on a car sprawled across the road. We headed for the sand, and missed it. We said, to some invisible antagonist, "We told you this would happen." No one was hurt. For a moment we rested, in a kind of relief that something, even a wreck, had stopped us. Then the cars following began piling in, or turning out into the sand, hurtling out of the dust and sliding into the car that had stopped, the drivers running away from the cars coming after them, and away from the wrecks and the breaking glass. We could hear people shouting, the brakes, the wheels locked and sliding, the cars scraping against each other as they stopped. The dust grew so thick we could not see the cars stalling in the sand a few feet from ours.

That was all there was to it; no one was badly hurt, though most of the cars were smashed in somewhere and many were badly damaged. It took us a long time to realize that our leaders were following us, a long way behind, dividing their energies, at times trying to catch us, and at times trying to repair a car stalled along the road, and bawl out the driver. What was important was the way we unconsciously acted together as soon as we understood we were running away. We started out, the drivers of the wrecked cars climbing in the others. At Blythe we got gas and oil, and ate, leaving the bills for the owners. In all the little towns and along the road we picked up the vagrants, until most of the cars were full. When a car stalled, we left it. At Indio we raided another restaurant. At Indio the law stopped us, for speeding, and threatened to jail us for stealing the cars, but there were too many of us. We were still keeping in line.

And the owner, too, when he caught up with us, could only walk back and forth, strangled with his indignation, unable to say anything but, "You birds. You birds." We could have told him there wouldn't have been any trouble if we hadn't followed his orders. We had kept in line, and it had taken a lot of wreckage to convince us we would never get anywhere following people who didn't know where they were going. ROBERT CANTWELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Laws of Extradition

SIR: May I call your attention to the editorial in The New Republic of November 25, entitled "Toothpicks"? The editorial states that, "Adultery is not an extraditable offense." Unexplained, this conveys to your readers a false impression and hence, with all its implications, is not true.

Neither by statute nor decision is there any defined law governing this troublesome question. Practically, it resolves itself into a question of comity between states as represented by their respective Governors. Through Governors' conventions held from time to time, there is a general understanding that for offenses punishable by imprisonment in the state of their commission, the fugitive therefrom will be surrendered upon demand of the Governor of the state where the crime was committed. It is possible under the laws of Kentucky that adultery is punishable only by fine, and hence might not be regarded by the Governor of the state of New York as an extraditable offense, but your statement has a broader implication and lays down a universal rule not warranted by the modifying facts.

You doubtless will recall that somewhere about the year 1898 there was a heated political controversy between two candidates for Governor of Kentucky, namely, Goebel and Taylor. Goebel received the certificate of election and the very day he was sworn in as Governor, was assassinated at the state capitol. Suspicion fell upon his political opponent, Taylor, who fled to the state of Indiana. An indictment was duly procured against Taylor, charging him with the murder of Goebel. J. Frank Hanley was Governor of Indiana. He steadfastly refused to honor the requisition of the Governor of Kentucky for the surrender of Taylor. Several successive Governors of Indiana did likewise and Taylor never returned to the state of Kentucky until either by act of Assembly or action of the Pardon Board, he was pardoned for the commission of an offense for which he never was convicted or tried.

Your illustration concerning Dreiser, charged with adultery, and the one recited concerning Taylor, charged with murder, furnish two extreme illustrations that there is no defining and controlling law in this country applicable to the subject of extradition.

Pittsburgh, Pa. THOMAS J. PRATHER.

[Our correspondent, Mr. Prather, is to be thanked for his clear statement of the present legal status of extradition between the states. As adultery is regarded as a misdemeanor in Kentucky and is punishable by a maximum fine of $50, The New Republic was justified by the context in calling it a non-extraditable offense.—THE EDITORS.]

Burke vs. Hicks

SIR: In his reply [The New Republic, December 9] to Mr. Kenneth Burke's letter, Mr. Granville Hicks writes:

> Since what literature gives the reader is an increased capacity for having and assimilating experience, the critic will have to decide what kinds of experience are, either at a given moment or in the long run, most essential to the part of humanity for which the book is written.

The poor critic—must he shoulder such responsibilities? And the poor reader—must he have and assimilate only the kind of experience somebody else says is most essential to him? If the critic tells him that one book, after a brilliantly managed preparation, gets its effect by administering a shock even more violent than the reader has been led to expect, while another book in a series of delicately drawn portraits and scenes, gives him a sense of nostalgia and the passing of time, might the reader not be allowed to decide for himself, which is most essential to him?

But then, I am talking about book reviewing, only one phase of criticism.

As for the two letters. So far as this poor reader can make out, the gentlemen are saying the same things to each other with this difference—Mr. Hicks is emphasizing what Mr. Burke does not deny, i. e., that the esthetic effect and the social effect are bound up in one another, both accomplished by the "individuation" of a particular writer, and his perception of life that leads to the individuation; while Mr. Burke is insisting that, nevertheless, technique and value (in this sense) may be separated for the convenience of analysis.

Why cannot the violence of William Faulkner's writing, for example, be discussed both as a technical device and as a value? Because the same thing functions in two ways, does that mean one cannot discuss the two functions separately?

Passaic, N. J. MYRA MARINI.

The Economic Necessity for Charity

SIR: During the tremendous drives for emergency funds for the care of the destitute during this period of depression, I have observed both in the philosophy of the business men and of certain social workers a tendency to assume that charitable giving is an indispensable and inevitable concomitant of normal industrial organization. I write this in protest against the danger of this assumption.

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The following quotation was taken from a recent selling document by one of our best Chest-getters:

> . . . Few people realize the degree to which modern social service has become an integral part of our community. We see it only in segments, in its relation to those few individuals who come within the scope of our own interests and are perhaps amazed to find its institutions firmly imbedded in accustomed use by whole sections of our population. Revealing indeed are figures which we secured last spring. . . . We selected twelve representative corporations employing labor: three manufacturing concerns, two engaged in transportation, two representing iron and steel, one each representing shipping, public utility, retail selling, wholesale and finance. We asked each to send us one hundred names of employees, with addresses, picked at random from their pay rolls. Then we took these 1,154 names, comprising a carefully selected cross-section group, to our Confidential Exchange, and asked them to check them with their records, with the understanding of course that no report would be made upon any of the individuals. When the Exchange was through, it had identified 422 who had received service either directly or through their families, from one or more of our member agencies. In other words, this simple survey indicated that 36 percent of our employed wage-earners are at one time or another using our hospitals and nursing service, our family service and day nurseries, our children's agencies, our various social and health services.

Still more revealing is his next sentence, in its absence of insight into the obvious implications of such findings in respect to the economic structure in the body of which social work seeks a cancerous security:

> Such a ramification of use [says he] takes modern social work far outside of the realm of personal charity and places it unequivocally as a business economy demanding organization and professional service of the highest grade.

Such a statement fits hand in glove with the philosophy of the enlightened business man who considers depression as opportunity for purging inefficiency in the labor force, and believes that employers should then give heavily for relief of the unemployed, by assessing their employees—through company unions—but that large concerns should await the action of others in the labor market before raising wages.

It is at least more charitable to impute to the current complacency of much social work merely a blind leadership of the blind than to claim, as radicals would, that such a statement means cynical leadership of hypocrites.

Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. THOMAS D. ELIOT.

Mrs. Buck and the Chinese

SIR: The New Republic deserves congratulations for printing the first review of that much acclaimed book—"The Good Earth," by Pearl S. Buck—from the Oriental viewpoint. I agree with Mr. Younghill Kang's analysis. Chinese readers with whom I discussed the book found much to be annoyed at, though fully cognizant of its keen literary sense. I am glad that one American publication, at least, had the nerve to let an Oriental speak out. Mr. Kang did a service to Chinese readers.

To me it seems unfair that American publications have all Chinese books reviewed by American critics. "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," by Grace Zaring Stone, widely hailed last season, never had a review by a celestial. There are celestials in the United States equipped to do justice to a book's literary qualities, and, at the same time, overhaul the author's interpretation from the Oriental viewpoint. With the increasing volume of successful fiction about Oriental lands, it's incumbent upon liberal organs such as yours to invite native appraisals more often.

A. A. YOUNG, Editor,
New York City. The Chinese Christian Student.

SIR: I should like to express my hearty approval of Mr. Younghill Kang's criticism of Mrs. Pearl Buck's recent book "The Good Earth." Also my profound conviction that no amount of the "literary skill" which you commend can atone for the grave injustice done to the Chinese by her unfortunate selection of sup-

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book contributes to the smug satisfaction of assumed superiority of Western nationals than to any real excellence of style or rightness of conception.

The approval of the Chinese magazines referred to in various letters defending Mrs. Buck means little. The editors are of the "New China" class, which, in its struggle for the realism Mrs. Buck commends, is endeavoring to scrap the fine culture developed through centuries of philosophic reflection and ideal living in order to pander to foreign ideals largely dominated by mechanical materialism. Sober-minded Chinese call these men "small Westerners."

When it is understood that the author of "The Good Earth" grew up in the seclusion of a vast missionary compound where the dwellings and the modes of life were Western, and where such Chinese associates as she had were influenced by the fact that they were directly or indirectly dependent on the bounty of the missionaries for material things, the statement that she was "born in China" loses much of its supposed significance. Mrs. Buck dismisses Mr. Kang's criticism on the ground that he is a Korean and so does not understand Chinese life. Her quotation of a Chinese Confucianist who confirmed her opinion means simply that with the usual adroitness of the Chinese in such cases, he found out what opinion she wished to establish and confirmed it. All educated Chinese know that for five hundred years Korean culture, education and government have all been founded on the Confucian classics. Their literature has been written in Chinese characters. Their dress and customs are still those of China before the Manchu ascendency. In a word, they are in all essentials not less Chinese than the Chinese themselves. From all evidence, Mr. Kang's ancestry, including the immediate members of his family, were most scrupulous Confucianists, thoroughly versed in all Chinese customs and conceptions. At least one member of the family spent much of his time in China. His fitness therefore to criticize any attempted interpretation of Chinese life by an occidental is unquestioned. When I read Mr. Kang's criticisms I thought he was a Chinese, and it was only when he was identified as the author of "The Grass Roof" that I realized his nationality.

Mrs. Buck in both her books is hampered by her origin and environment and falls into the inevitable misrepresentations consequent to the attempt to portray a people seen through a well nigh impenetrable mist of prejudice and predilection.

A residence of more than thirty years in China, first as missionary, then as business man, and during the World War in a responsible post with the British War Office Agency which obtained more than 90,000 Chinese laborers for the transport service of the British army in France, brought me into intimate contact with almost every stratum of Chinese life. The sturdy clean character of these laborers and their families added greatly to an already high appreciation of the Chinese people, who come much nearer to a realization of the principles of living set forth by Confucius than Christians do to that of Christ.

Greenville, S. C. T. J. LEAGUE.

Best Sellers and the Depression

SIR: I have read with interest the editorial paragraph in your current issue regarding the present season in the book world.

I would be interested in learning the source of the writer's information on which he based his statement, "best-selling novels as a class have possibly suffered more than any other form of literary merchandise." It is my opinion that best-selling novels have suffered relatively less than any other kind of book. The average number of copies sold of all books is doubtless down; but relatively the author with a profitable market has lost less of that market and is more important to bookseller, publisher and literary agent than ever before. There is no question that this is a fact.

It is also a fact, which I think would interest your readers, that as far as we have been able to check up, Willa Cather's "Shadows on the Rock" is, in point of the number of copies sold, far and away the most successful book of the year. There are over one hundred and fifty thousand copies of it in circulation now, approximately fifty thousand of which were sent out by the Book of the Month Club and the Catholic Book Club. The book trade of this country has ordered from us over 108,000 copies of it.

Charles Sanders Peirce

Collected Papers of Charles Sanders Peirce, edited by Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss. Vol. I, Principles of Philosophy. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 393 pages. $5.

THE FIRST WORD of a reviewer of these papers must be in acknowledgment of the patient devotion of the editors, Doctors Hartshorne and Weiss, and of the service rendered by the department of Philosophy in Harvard University and the Harvard Press. No outsider can begin to appreciate the difficulties experienced in editing the manuscripts which are to appear in the series of ten volumes. Unpublished papers, the introduction tells us, number several hundreds, and exist in all stages of incompleteness; there are beginnings without endings, conclusions without record of what led to them, hiatuses, repetitions. The material covers a vast range of subjects, yet none of it falls readily, because of the originality of Peirce's mind, into conventional divisions.

Nevertheless, judging from this first volume, the work of editing has succeeded to a degree which one would hardly have thought possible, in arranging the material in orderly fashion. When the first six volumes have appeared, the public will be in possession of the contributions made by the most original philosophical mind this country has produced to general philosophy; to logical theory, both in the traditional form, as a theory of scientific method and a modern symbolic logic; to metaphysics, to pragmatism, to mathematics. The remaining four volumes will contain his writings on physics and psychology, his book reviews, correspondence, etc.

It is not at all likely that Peirce will ever become popular even in that highly limited sense in which the adjective "popular" ever applies to a philosopher. He is a philosopher's philosopher, and in an unusual degree. The fragmentary condition in which he left his writings is one reason. As the editors say, he possessed the system-making mind. In one of his fragments, printed as a preface, he confesses to the ambition of setting forth a philosophy as deep and massive in its foundations as that of Aristotle. He wanted to outline, in terms of modern knowledge, a theory so comprehensive that the findings of thought in all fields, for a long time, would be used only as illustrative detail. The scheme was too grandiose to be carried out; it agreed neither with Peirce's own habits nor with his relations to other thinkers, to universities or publishers. He was, as the editors all say, not "a leader of movements," but "an originator of ideas." The ideas are seminal ideas, often left, even those which he wrote out most fully, as undeveloped germs, still needing to be planted, cultivated and brought to harvest.

The contrast between Peirce's intent and the conditions of executing it, both personal and environmental, resulted in an intellectual tragedy. There is no adequate presentation of his thought as a well developed whole. In consequence, thinkers will go to him to find novel suggestions, fresh points of view, fertilizing ideas often thrown out almost arbitrarily and at random, "flashes of brilliant light," as James called them, extraordinary emancipations from tradition on themes seemingly grown so commonplace as to be subjected only to conventional treatment. They will find eccentric, almost fantastic, notions, explained, I think, by the isolation from other minds in which he worked. Even so, however, I would not count too confidently upon the entirely erratic character of these notions. His flat —whose "Critique of Pure Reason" he says he knew practically by heart—denial of some of the principles of the physics of his day is, for example, wholly in line with recent discoveries. It is possible that if a sterner discipline of himself had given the presentation of his thought greater completeness and consecutiveness, it would have been at the expense of a regimentation which would have lessened his freshness and originality. He was a meteor—one of those meteors whose appearance is unpredictable and whose course is unchartable.

In consequence, no two persons would probably select the same ideas as those most truly characteristic of Peirce's thought, and most significant for present philosophizing. One, for example, might select his emphasis upon the reality of final causes and the efficiency of objective thought. Another might be interested in assembling ideas that seem, in spite of a radically different terminology, to anticipate some of the principles Whitehead has been setting forth. The fact is that he not only throws out ideas without developing them, but sometimes sets forth ideas which in their older historic setting have been employed to contradict one another. His intuition of the connecting links which would bring these ideas into harmony is not elaborated. Consequently, in what follows I shall doubtless put the selective emphasis on points which appeal most to me.

I am reasonably sure, however, of being on safe ground when I say that what Peirce called "fallibilism" is central in his thinking. There is nothing extraordinary in the assertion that it is human to err. Skeptics, as well as Peirce, have held that nothing in human belief is exempt from this liability. But the peculiarity of Peirce is that in his thought the idea is not connected with skepticism, and proneness to err is itself taken to be a reliable indication of the state of the universe, instead of being a *merely* human trait. Peirce is not a skeptic, for he has an intense faith in the possibility of finding out, of learning—if only we will inquire and observe. The assertion of certainty is harmful precisely because it blocks the road to the inquiry by which things are found out. It is a fallacy, he says, to suppose that science signifies knowledge. It is rather "the pursuit of those devoured by a desire to find things out." It is in a state of constant "metabolism and growth." Established truths are so far from defining science that they are things "labeled and put on the shelves of the scientist's mind, arranged to suit his convenience, while science, the living process, is busied only with conjectures which are either getting framed or getting tested."

Fallibilism is also more than a necessary postulate of method. It has definite philosophical implications. It points to the continuity of all things in nature. "The principle of continuity is the principle of fallibilism objectified." It signifies that as our knowledge swims in a continuum of indeterminacy, so things themselves swim in continua; there are no exact breaks and divisions such as would make exact knowledge possible. Only the idea of fallibilism opens the mind to observation of the merging edges, the fluidity of all things. To Peirce the idea of evolution is one form of the principle of continuity. The scientific dogmatist (or mechanist, since the two are synonymous for Peirce) holds to uniformity, repetition; his mind is closed to all evidence for variety, novelty, spontaneity. Continuity points to the conclusion that all things can be explained only on the basis that they *grow*. Even laws themselves are evolutionary growths. Wherever there is genuine diversification, there must be spontaneity and contingency.

Peirce had an excellent knowledge of the past history of thought, especially of Aristotle, the scholastics and Kant

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tically by heart. Like all independent minds, however, he took great liberties in interpreting historic views, and often gives their authors the benefit of his own greater insight. A striking case is seen in his adoption of logical realism in opposition to the fashionable nominalism of his day. Peirce believed thoroughly in the objective reality of the general. But he understands it in a way which would have been abhorrent to Aristotle and the scholastics, and to some at least of the contemporary philosophers who appeal to Peirce as if he confirmed their views. For Peirce understands by the reality of a "general" the reality of a way, habit, disposition, of behavior; and he dwells upon the fact that the habits of things are acquired and modifiable. Indeed, he virtually reverses Aristotle in holding that the universal always has an admixture of potentiality in it.

There is one aspect of Peirce's thought which comes out most clearly, I think, in his conception of philosophy itself, a conception which in my judgment is likely to be revived in the future and to dominate thought for a period at least. He holds that philosophy is that kind of common sense which has become critically aware of itself. It is based upon observations which are within the range of every man's normal experience; it does *not* include matters which are more conveniently studied by students of the special sciences. To my mind this statement is the more weighty because it comes from a man who was so devoted to the sciences and so learned in them. What makes me believe that this notion of philosophy will dominate thought in some future time is perhaps its similarity to my own conception that the starting point and the ultimate test of philosophy is what I have called gross or macroscopic experience. Philosophy leans on science not for its subject matter, but for its attitude of experimentation (what Peirce calls the laboratory mind, as distinct from the seminary mind), and draws from science the apparatus by which common experience is critically viewed. What will cause the movement in the direction of Peirce's conception is, I imagine, the increasing remoteness of physical science from everyday experience and its increasing involvement in paradoxes. I do not mean, any more than Peirce meant, that the results of the sciences are negligible, much less erroneous, but that philosophy is concerned with the outgrowth of the sciences from everyday experience and their reabsorption back into it. Much of present-day philosophy that claims to be ultra-scientific seems to be wandering in a wilderness because, instead of taking this point of view, it tries to build upon the results of the special sciences in independence of, and in opposition to, coarse everyday experience.

In what I have said I have only touched upon the larger points in which Peirce connects with the tendencies of present-day thought. I have passed over the things which are, technically speaking, of greatest importance to philosophers. But professional philosophers will, it is to be hoped, betake themselves in any case to the volumes of which this is the first. What professional philosophy most needs at the present time is new and fresh imagination. Only new imagination is capable of getting away from traditional positions and schools—realism, idealism, pragmatism, empiricism and the rest of them. Nothing much will happen in philosophy as long as a main object among philosophers is defense of some formulated historic position. I do not know of any other thinker more calculated than Peirce to give emancipation from the intellectual fortifications of the past and to arouse a fresh imagination.

JOHN DEWEY.

King Cotton's Subjects

The Cabin in the Cotton, by Harry Harrison Kroll. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $2.

THIS IS a regional novel with a social thesis. Its region is the South, whither the literary center of America seems to be gradually shifting; its locale is the cotton-raising section of Mississippi; its thesis is the existence of class warfare between the cotton planters and that impoverished group of human beings whose various local appellations reflect their humble social status—peckerwoods, red necks, bark eaters, trash, whickerbills, pore whites—or, as they are most generally known, the share-croppers. Whatever their names, these cotton tenants struggle helplessly and inarticulately against their overlords, their blind hatred erupting only in acts of theft, arson or murder.

The story itself is that of a young share-cropper, raised by the feudal lord of the plantation into a position of trust, so that he becomes half peckerwood and half planter. In this position he is forced to betray the class from which he rose; as planter's agent he is forced to cheat, to overcharge, to juggle books, in a word, to practise that highly developed technique of swindling on which the wealth of many planters has been built. Having fallen in love with the planter's daughter, slept with her and tasted other delights of his social betters, he finally revolts, takes up the cause of his brothers the cotton tenants and, in a burst of eloquent fury before an assembly of planters, denounces the agrarian system which has enthralled his class.

This story, which follows conventional lines, is adequate to the author's purpose, since it plays only a secondary part in the novel. The author's real interest lies, not with a single hero, but with the share-croppers as a class. So absorbed is he in their misery and ignorance that he is forced to treat them in terms of mass, and, with one or two minor exceptions, completely to submerge the individuals in the broader characteristics of the social order to which they belong. Little effort is made to create character or to delineate personal attributes. Individuals here function as members of a general group whose spontaneous acts of violence flare up from the dark swamp of a mass subconscious. The class itself is hero of the novel.

Out of this sympathy with a class, this absorption in a social thesis, rise the major virtues of this book. When sympathy and thesis are combined, the writing is hard, vigorous, unspoiled; but when sympathy is withdrawn or the social thesis forgotten the characters go mawkish or unreal, the plot creaks, speech turns theatrical, mauve lights play over the scenery and, to the faded melodies of old romance, clichés begin descending like stage snow. The snow, however, like real snow in Mississippi, falls rarely. Usually the author's preoccupation with his material makes him impatient even of his own fine writing.

The picture conveyed by the novel is that of a hopeless economic and social situation. Though the author implies that it may be improved by the planters themselves, one cannot help feeling that the whole system is bogged so deep in brutality and ignorance that only a convulsion of nature could free it. Certainly another Civil War would hardly help. The last one not only failed to free the blacks; it reduced a whole class of Southern whites to a condition hard to distinguish from slavery.

SLATER BROWN.

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Guedallington

Wellington, by Philip Guedalla. New York: Harper and Brothers. 552 pages, illustrated. $4.

A JUST observation, and one which cannot too often be repeated, is that the idea liberated by a successful revolution is always greater than the idea actually animating it. The French Revolution was animated by the idea that ambitious politicians might legitimately turn to mob action for support. The idea released by the French Revolution was, and still is, that mob opinion somehow possesses sanctity in itself. To the task of combating those ideas, both the lesser and the greater, Wellington devoted his life. The enormous reputation, amounting almost to apotheosis, which he sustained after the close of the Peninsular War, grew out of his triumphant proof that the crude impetus of the French Revolution could be broken: that, to use his own words, "Bonaparte's whole life, civil, political and military, was a fraud." Mr. Guedalla would have us see the last flowering of the eighteenth century in this ironical assertion of Wellington's strong common sense. By the exercise of common sense, Wellington held the respect of Englishmen from the battle of Vitoria until his death thirty-nine years later; but the diffusion of the idea which the Revolution set free has obscured his fame, until now he lives in the popular mind only as a general who, by the closest of margins, won a proverbial victory over a broken genius. As Mr. Guedalla says, "the purely arithmetical basis of democracy failed to impress the Duke. Shocked by this revelation, the nineteenth century tended to belittle his entire achievement."

Like Gaul (or a sermon), Wellington's career divides into three parts; and in only one of them can he be said to have had any private life. That was in his unpromising youth, when, without the help of much influence as influence was then understood, he set out to make a name for himself in the army. Born Arthur Wesley, younger son of an aristocratic English family encysted in the pseudo-Augustan culture of Dublin, he inherited a taste for music but no patrimony. To counteract those disabilities, he was trained in French and horsemanship; and a commission was found for him, which enabled him to sit in the Irish House of Commons while his more brilliant brother Richard, at London, pulled wires in his behalf. At length he broke his violin, sought active service with the rank of Colonel, and tested his French and his horsemanship in the Allied retreat of '94 across Holland. Next he went to Calcutta, where the eighteenth century still lingered under the auspices of the East India Company. Richard, by then Lord Wellesley, came out that year to be Governor-General; and Arthur distinguished himself as the guiding force of his brother's aggressive campaign against the Mysoreans and the Mahrattas. There, to Mr. Guedalla's subsequent delight, General Wellesley gave proof of his tactical and diplomatic skill. As tactician, he would not move his troops unless he had food and transport for them. As diplomatist, he refused to allow a missionary inside the zenana of the slaughtered Tippoo.

Perhaps enough has been said to prepare the reader for Mr. Guedalla's treatment of his hero's second phase: those seven years, leading up to 1815, in which Sir Arthur Wellesley, late Chief Secretary for Ireland, broke the Empire, and from which he emerged Prince of Waterloo, dictator of the peace of Europe, a figure of legendary proportions at forty-six. The historian makes all incredibly colorful, bustling and healthy-minded. Here campaigns and diplomacy, their tragic inferences neglected in favor of farce and pathos, are shown to be no wild and dreamlike trade of blood and guile but only so much glittering pageantry, through which an English Lord may ride "high-nosed and silent . . . with wild brunettes covering his hands, his sword, his boots, even his horse with Spanish kisses." Like Meissonnier's, Mr. Guedalla's cavalrymen are all iron but the cuirasses; and when the Guard advances in the final grand tattoo it breaks but does not bleed, for the Guard is nothing but tall bearskins charging up to the floodlights behind six Generals and a Marshal. One wonders whether Ney sang tenor. But we must not bear down too hard upon Mr. Guedalla's manner of treating military history; for, as he once remarked, "Historian's English is not a style; it is an industrial disease."

After the signing of the Holy Alliance, there remains nearly half of the Duke's life to be accounted for. Here it is a pleasure to see Mr. Guedalla set to work. The story of Wellington's third phase has to be salvaged from an agglomeration of anecdote; and the author attacks his problem, as Walter Scott said that the Duke used to debate, by "slicing the argument into two or three pieces and helping himself to the best." What remains is a gossipy, rapid account of the best that was in English Toryism, personified in an old, ascetic, idiosyncratic hero left over from the last age: a hero who carried sovereigns for Peninsular veterans, who corresponded for years with a socially aspiring female evangelist, who encouraged children to throw cushions through his newspaper, and who had to be called upon to form a Cabinet whenever there was a deadlock at Westminster. To the last, Wellington was an opponent of reform; but his Toryism was rational, not doctrinaire; and he held consistently to the classic Tory position, that when it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change. Mr. Guedalla has done well to devote a fair half of his book to this aspect of the Duke's career; for in these days it is agreeable to be reminded that English politics once produced a Prime Minister who could conduct a rearguard action without injury to England's self-respect.

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Words

Charles of Europe, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. New York: Coward-McCann, and Hartford, Conn.: Edwin V. Mitchell. 367 pages. $5.

WHAT ARE the feelings of a thief who sets out to rob a mansion and finds on his arrival that it has already been thoroughly robbed, and is quite empty? Probably he has a good mind to call the police; certainly his moral indignation over the robbery is unbounded. Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis must have similar emotions when he contemplates the work of the Protestant historians who ran off long ago with all the virtues and credits of history, and left him standing, as it were, in an empty house, alternately cursing his predecessors and attempting to adorn Charles of Hapsburg, the Papacy and the figment he calls "the Unity of Europe" with all the jewelry he can find—his own words. Mr. Lewis uses many of these in a very bold manner, but they are paste jewels. Even the idol on which they are hung is far less real than is the Charles V who emerges from Robertson's "Protestant" account.

Apparently Mr. Lewis does not really like Charles V so much as he asserts for the sake of his

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pect that he believes along with more orthodox historians that Charles "of Europe" was at least equally "of Hapsburg" and that his purpose—certainly considered by no one immoral in his day—was to establish a monopoly of the imperial title in his family. This ambition, together with his determined defense of his "sacred" rights to the Duchy of Milan, brought upon Europe many indecisive and bloody wars—those gifts of the great. One may admit that compared with the treacherous, syphilitic Francis I and the heavy, selfish Henry VIII of England, and the vacillating, palace-building Popes, and the unscrupulous German princes selling their citizens and turning Lutheran for the warrant it gave them to rob church property, Charles is a pleasanter specimen, but this hardly makes him a great man.

Had the author really got down to his job, he might perhaps have built up his hero into something resembling his prospectus. But Mr. Lewis preferred the merry war of invective. Single passages sound brilliant and destructive, but they are like firecrackers all the same size—by the time the last one is shot off we have stopped holding our ears. Since Mr. Lewis chooses to overawe rather than convince his readers, he must suffer the consequences.

The bias which keeps him from writing scrupulous history or biography is matched by a stylistic egotism which keeps him from careful writing. So confident is he of dazzling the reader with epigrammatic phrases that he overlooks such mere craftsmanlike virtues as coherence and order. At times the book is discursive essay, at times rapid narrative: it never seems to get into its stride. There is much slipshod repetition—the sack of Rome by Charles' soldiers being described, for instance, in the same terms three times. And Mr. Lewis is an exasperatingly bad manager of the long, parenthic sentences; he lets his verbs hang down at the end like shirt tails. Indeed, the whole book seems slapped together and unrevised; it leaves one with a strong suspicion that Mr. Lewis, like other writers to whom success came too early, has begun to write words rather than books.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Hail Columbia!

Tune in, America, by Daniel Gregory Mason. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 206 pages. $2.

MR. DANIEL GREGORY MASON'S latest collection of musical articles is subentitled "A Study of Our Coming Musical Independence." Its chief study, none the less, is the conversion of Arturo Toscanini to faith in American music, and the conversion of American musicians to faith in "the American tradition." And it is to be feared that it will gain neither of its objectives, for the reason that Mr. Mason is curiously evasive of all consideration of sheerly musical values and standards, and uncritically arbitrary in his conception of the American spirit. Most vigorous of our music critics, and a composer of serious music, he disappoints us by failing to talk scripture with the Italian conductor, and by preaching to him his duty to an indiscriminate mass of American "composers" merely because they happen to be Yankees and cover paper with musical symbols. Adjuring the young American composers to "turn their back on this European degeneracy," with which light phrase he dismisses the influence of Schoenberg and Stravinsky, he spends himself trying to force upon them, not a deeper conception of the art of music itself, but the "Americanism" of a special emotional attitude. This attitude is one of "sobriety and restraint." Need it be [illegible] versity? Scarcely: professorship and the advocacy of "the inner check" and "sobriety and restraint" have recently appeared almost identical. . . . It really looks as though when a fox loses his tail nowadays, he becomes a professor.

P. R.

Book Notes

AMERICANA

THE OZARKS: An American Survival of Primitive Society, by Vance Randolph. *New York: The Vanguard Press. 310 pages, illustrated. $5.*

This description of a people whose forbears migrated from the Tennessee mountains to the Ozarks a hundred years ago offers everything that one could wish to know about a curious survival. Perhaps the first chapters are a little too detailed; they picture ways of living that have belonged to all our pioneers. But one is grateful throughout for a circumspection and an imaginative insight which find no bit of lore or custom too trivial for the record. These people have kept old songs, play-parties, superstitions, ceremonials, customs and a rich language which are part of our inheritance. For those interested in variations of the American type the book will prove highly fascinating; for the student of American folklore it is invaluable.

VERMONT FOLK-SONGS AND BALLADS, edited by Helen Hartness Flanders and George Brown. VERMONTERS: A Book of Biographies, edited by Walter H. Crockett. VERMONT PROSE: A Miscellany, edited by Arthur Wallace Peach and Harold G. Rugg. VERMONT VERSE: An Anthology, edited by Walter John Coates and Frederick Tupper. *Brattleboro, Vermont: The Stephen Daye Press. $1.50 each volume.*

Of these four books, the "Vermont Folk-Songs and Ballads" is so dazzling an achievement as inevitably to dim the luster of the others. The biographies, the prose selections, the poems by Vermonters, have their quiet interest, though to some extent this depends on what the reader brings to them rather than what he finds there. They may perhaps start speculation as to the effect of environment, but the native flavor seems on the whole not very strong. The biographies in particular—ranging as they do in subject from Ethan Allen and Royal Tyler to Hiram Powers and Dorothy Canfield—would have gained by the definite inclusion of local backgrounds. It is to the "Folk-Songs and Ballads" that the absorbed reader will turn again and again. Wisely the editors have followed the example of Carl Sandburg in giving small notes about the singers who have contributed versions, with a phrase or two of their comment, or some remembrance of an older tradition when this has been available. The scholarly notations are excellent. Even the troublesome problem of arranging variations on the page in a readable fashion has been solved, and there are many inclusions of simple airs. This nice technique frames a host of songs of local origins, regimental songs, lumberjack ballads, a sugar-maker's songs, new versions of English ballads, a fine carol like "The Twelve Days of Christmas," the prize "John Barleycorn," and many others. The collection is notable for its sympathetic inclusion of homely materials as well as for its discoveries. Its range is wide, its color lively. From it a spacious picture of an older Vermont arises. One may indeed make half a dozen different approaches to this small book and still not exhaust the contribution of its materials. It belongs to the student of folklore, of the American language, of local manners, of regional life. It may perhaps provide a surprising cordial for anti-Puritans.

TRAVEL

THE RED FOG LIFTS: A Wall Street Man Visits Soviet Russia, by Albert Muldavin. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. 311 pages. $2.*

In his opening chapter, Mr. Muldavin confesses his ignorance of economics, since "being taxed daily with the practical problems

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lying factors which, our economists maintain, control our business destiny." This from the responsible emissary of a large American industrial corporation who was being sent to Russia to negotiate concessions involving many millions! Not economics; just making money. He found the Russians better educated. Even the children, when asked "If a man bought a hundred bags of coffee for a hundred rubles and sold them for two hundred rubles, what would he get out of it?" replied in triumphant chorus: "Three years in jail!" In late September, 1929, shortly after Mr. Muldavin arrived in Moscow, a friendly commissar urged the Wall Street man to sell his stocks at the peak. But Mr. Muldavin thought himself safe with his 70-percent margin, and it didn't occur to him that anybody outside the charmed circle of capitalist "economics" and capitalist "making money" could possibly know anything about either subject. So, a few days later, after the crash, his broker sold him out before he could wire additional margin, thereby presumably contributing to his education both in the art of making money and in the science of economics.

It is an entertaining book. The "Red Fog" gets lifted; also, as noted, the Wall Street man's shirt. However, Mr. Muldavin is a good sport about that and about other things. He is also a good mixer, an intelligent observer and a competent reporter. He gives us the contemporary comedy of Soviet-American business relations and its large and varied cast; commissars, American engineers, cab drivers, concessionaires, nepmen, workmen, peasants—many of them very cleanly and objectively sketched. He comes back to find America sadder, not much wiser, no longer making money, and still shy on "economics." Mr. Muldavin regards himself and his firm as fortunate in failing to get that concession. But the "Red Fog" gave him *valuta*. It gave him an education.

World Politics

EUROPEAN DICTATORSHIPS, by Count Carlo Sforza. *New York: Brentano's. 273 pages. $3.*

Count Carlo Sforza is that rare bird, a professional diplomat who is also a convinced democrat. When Mussolini took Rome, Sforza was serving as Ambassador to France. He resigned his post, and refused to accept service under the dictator. Excepting Russia, he is familiar with almost every country in Europe and its leading men. His calm, cold exposé of Europe's dictatorships is always interesting, often illuminating, but of course he knows best his own Italian Fascism and all its works. No one who wishes to know Fascism as it really is, and not as it appears to foreign tourists, can ignore this book.

THE POLITICAL POLICY OF BESSARABIA, by Andrei Popovici. *Washington: Randsdell, Inc. 290 pages. $3.*

This book is a Rumanian argument in defense of the occupation of Bessarabia—a territory which at one time belonged to Russia. The author brings together a good deal of evidence to show that the Bessarabian population has no desire to be under Russian rule, but he minimizes the shabby procedure by which the Allies took Bessarabia away from Russia.

Fiction

THE GOLOVLYOV FAMILY, by M. E. Shchedrin (Saltykov). *Translated by Natalie Duddington. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.*

Miss Duddington's is an adequate translation of this great Russian novel, justly considered as having a permanent place among the national classics. The Russian original first appeared in 1876, and how this authentic masterpiece had hitherto escaped the attention of those whose business it is to cater to lovers of Russian fiction is an unsolved puzzle. The author, who is not less famous for his political fables satirizing equally the oppressor and the oppressed, knew his provincial types well and, in his one magnificent effort at novel-writing, has drawn a pessimistic picture of the rise and downfall of a family of provincial landowners. The outstanding character is Iudushka—"Little Judas"—who, Mr. Garnett says in his introduction, deserves to be called [illegible]

MR. FOTHERGILL'S PLOT, by eighteen authors. *New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.*

A single plot has been presented by their favorite innkeeper to eighteen authors, and the result is an incomparably British omnibus. This is the plot: A man gets into correspondence with a woman whom he doesn't know and he finds romance in it. Then he sees a girl, falls in love with her in the ordinary way, marries her and drops the academic correspondence. Happiness, then friction. He writes again to the unknown woman and finds consolation till, by an accident, it is discovered that the married couple are writing to one another. The preface declares that so many performers jumping through the same hoop might make the trick tedious, but we are to remember that the diversion lies in their different ways of jumping. Rebecca West has shaped the deepest, most colorful tale of them all. The variation of L. A. G. Strong is the only one with any degree of humor, while those of Frank Swinnerton, A. E. Coppard and Edward Shanks are the only ones with any out-and-out happiness. Storm Jameson's story of two Jews has distinct vitality, but does not quite dissolve into the beauty she probably intended. G. K. Chesterton, Margaret Kennedy and Gerald Bullett achieve the same crisis of resignation, while, singularly enough, the rest of the authors fall into an almost identical pattern of disenchantment. There is a mildly technical interest about the whole collection.

WESTWARD PASSAGE, by Margaret Ayer Barnes. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.*

In "Years of Grace," Mrs. Barnes wrote a genealogical novel covering four generations and half a century of American life. In "Westward Passage" she has treated an episode occupying seven days. In the one case the technique is that of the chronicle; in the other, that of the short story. "Westward Passage" is skillful in its use of the classic device of presenting an alternative so evenly balanced that the only outcome seems to be catastrophe, but meanwhile accumulating factors for a decision which leaves everyone concerned both surprised and happy—most of all, the reader. Undoubtedly the method tends to become merely a mechanical trick. To be logical and human it depends on characters which are at once real and sincere. Mrs. Barnes' people are both. She maintains a fundamental good faith, as well as telling a good story.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, the British journalist, who contributes frequent articles to The New Leader of London and to various magazines in this country, is the author of "Rebel India," recently published in the New Republic Dollar Series.

Benjamin Ginzburg, a free-lance writer on philosophy, science and kindred subjects, is the author of "The Adventure of Science" and is now completing a volume on social philosophy.

Thyra Samter Winslow, novelist and contributor to various magazines, will publish this coming spring a new volume of short stories, "Blueberry Pie," under the imprint of Knopf.

Paul Rosenfeld, the author of several volumes of criticism and a novel, "Boy in the Sun," is at work on his second novel.

Robert Cantwell, a contributor to "The Third American Caravan" and to several literary magazines, recently published his first novel, "Laugh and Lie Down."

John Dewey's latest book is "Philosophy and Civilization."

George Libaire is an assistant professor of English at St. Stephen's College of Columbia University.

Isidor Schneider, the author of a novel and a volume of verse, handles publicity for the Macaulay Company and is at present [illegible]

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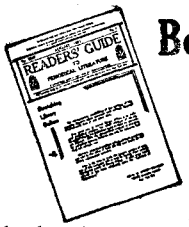

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